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**Leaves.**

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# L E A V E S.

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“ ——— leaves that strow the brooks  
In *Vallombrosa*.”

MILTON.

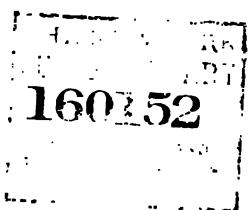
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LONDON:  
*Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars;*  
**FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.**

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1816.

5 vols.



ANONYMOUS  
CLINIC  
YANGTZE

▼

---

In seeking an appropriate title for these little poems, I have feared to imply too much; I have called them *Leaves*:—\* and trifles such as these, whatever be their title, or their epigraph, are only as leaves from the vast and varied field of nature.

But in terming these little poems leaves, or trifles, I mean not to imply that Poetry is itself a trifle, or a trifling art:—unless, as some one has justly observed, “to trifling writers, and

---

\* Or *Leaves of Other Days* might be appropriate, as these poems have been very long written;—(except indeed two or three of the smaller ones, which are of various later dates:)—or *Scattered Leaves* would be well, if I might borrow the title (*Zerstreute Blätter*) by which Herder has designated part of a miscellaneous work.—See note to the poem *Ormano*.

trifling readers ;" or to " those who cannot understand," or to those perhaps who, with capabilities sufficient, have never attended to, much less studied, its characters and history.

The foundation of its influence and its excellence is doubtless laid deep in human nature ; and the philosopher and the statesman have recognized its powers and its value, when, even partially, their business has been humanization, or the bettering of man.

*January, 1816.*

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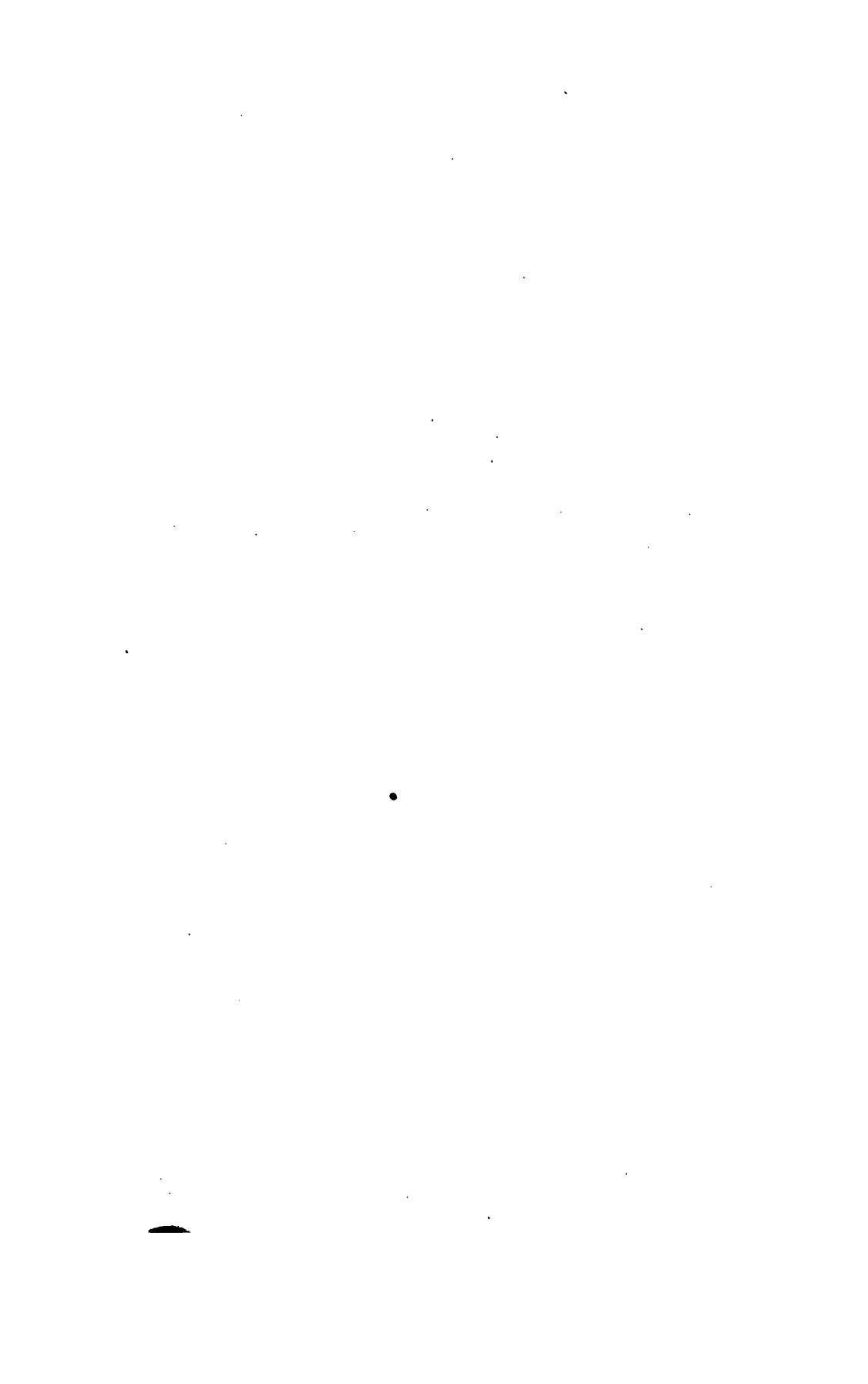
## **Flowers.**

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— Sparge rosas. HOR. 3. 19.

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## SCATTERED ROSE LEAVES.

---

BESIDE the cot where Elan\* gently flows,  
The fair Edalia of her favourite rose  
Collects the petals, scattered by the wind :—  
“ How vain thy cares, my girl ! ” her father cries,  
“ Each fine curve shrinks, each tender leaflet dies,  
“ Spite of the charm that meets the admiring mind.”—

“ Yet are they beautiful ! ”—she said, and viewed  
The blushing folds with morning rain-drops dewed ;—  
“ Oh, very beautiful ! ”—she said, and sighed :—

---

\* The Elan falls into the Wye.

“ ‘Twere pity sure, unheeded they were strown  
“ Thus o'er the wild ; but now their buds were blown,  
“ Wavering on mossy stem, our garden's pride.”—

“ If in my marble vase these blooms I place ?—  
“ Bright will they glow ! or in some crystal case ?”—  
She smiled—“ Ah, yes ! and when their beauties fade,  
“ Still very sweet, you know, the flower's perfume ?”—  
“ Most sweet !” he cried, fond thoughts his eyes illume ;  
He snatched a father's kiss, and blessed the maid.—

Loved girl !—thus I, through life's serener hour,  
Mid woodland heights, deep vales, or sheltering bower,  
Each scattered beauty greet, each soul-felt grace :  
Though doomed, perchance, beneath my touch to die,  
They *once* were beautiful, like thee, I cry,  
My rose-leaves these, and verse my crystal case.

---

## C A R N A T I O N.

---

Would friendly skies yon timid flower invite  
To unfold its young leaves to the rising day,  
Then might it, beaming with creative light,  
In blended shadowing, richest hues display.

Yet then, sweet flower ! if no discerning eye  
Trace thy fine glows, while bends the admiring mind,  
Worthless and vain thy high-wrought charms must die,  
Or lingering, tremble to each passing wind.

---

## LILY OF THE VALLEY.

A LOVER'S STORY.

---

---

“ WHEN morning o'er the mountain beams,  
And round her purply radiance throws,  
While sportive zephyr crisps the streams,  
Or wantons with the blushing rose :  
At that sweet hour I sought the vale,  
Where lingered still the lily pale.  
Meek flower ! I sighed, thou lovest the shade,  
Yet must not undelightning fads !—  
From the damp turf the plant I bore,  
To her whom all my thoughts adore.  
She gazed, and smiled ;—and gently now  
She shook the dewdrops from its brow :  
On me they fell ;—the charm I blest,  
The charm her kindling cheek confess'd ;  
Still be it thus ! I cried, sincere,  
And thine the sweet, and mine the tear !”

---

---

### SCATTERED ROSE LEAVES.

---

Curved by some unseen sylphaid teach  
To cradle Beauty's breathing form,  
I mourn you now, sweet leaves of rose !  
The spoliation of the ruthless storm,

I mourn,—for thus, when o'er my soul  
Expanding blooms of fancy play,  
Then sorrow comes, with darkening cloud,  
And sweeps each tender tint away.

---

### PEACH BLOSSOMS.

---

Yon southern wall, with crimson blossoms spread,  
Which sunny gleams, and genial showers have fed,  
I seek, still marking with a dubious eye ;—  
For yet may pass keen Eurus' blighting wing,  
And all the promise of the flattering spring  
To paltry clusters shrink, or worthless die.

And thus the moral scene ! yet few, if here,  
Some favoured few, should bless the changing year,  
And fairest blooms to richest fruit unfold,  
What joy !—for oh, the generous virtues lend  
Health to the soul, and dearer beauties blend  
Than tints of vermeil light and mingling gold !

---

---

---

**Children.**

---

---



## N O T E.

---

---

In transcribing from Catullus,

“ Torquatus volo parvulus  
Matri<sup>s</sup> è gremis suæ  
Porrigens teneras manus  
Dulce rideat ad patrem  
Semi-hiante labello \*.”

Sir W. Jones has justly exclaimed—“ What a beautiful picture! Can Domenichino equal it? How weak are all arts in comparison of poetry and rhetoric!”—*Letter to Lord Althorpe.*

When I read this exclamation, the babies of another pencil, and the “ *Ed io anche*” of Correggio pressed upon my mind. But with ideas of excellence and powers so inadequate to each other, I dared not add the “ *suo pittore.*”

\* *Translation.*

And soon, to be completely blest,  
Soon may a young Torquatus rise,  
Who, hanging on his mother's breast,  
To his known sire shall turn his eyes,  
And stretch his infant arms a while,  
And ope his little lips and smile.

*See Lord Teignmouth's Life of Sir W. Jones.*

---

---



## BABE AND PICTURE.

---

---

HUSHED on a couch the graceful mother lay,  
Wearied with care, or sunshine of the day,  
    Her baby Mimo pillow'd on her arm :  
Sleep sealed her eyelids ; but the sportive boy,  
Seeking—fond nature's child !—some novel joy,  
    Spied the fair picture, placed her bosom's charm.

With sly soft hand, with look that dubious glowed,—  
He touched,—he drew it from its blest abode,—  
    And round his white neck hung with tiny art :  
Melora waking, marked the furtive grace,  
Joyed in the boy the picture's charms to trace,  
    And clasped them raptured to her throbbing heart.

---

**THE CHILD ZEPHYR.**

---

In hours that memory loves to trace,  
Zephyr ! I have marked thy wanderings wild ;  
Thy mazy course, fantastic grace,  
And thought thee Fancy's liveliest child.

I have seen thee range the mountain's side,  
To catch the morning's opening beam,  
Or o'er the ripe corn wavering glide,  
Or playful curl the silvery stream.

These lightsome joys are thine ;—and power  
To glad the sombrous forests thine ;  
To raise the woodbine's bending flower,  
Or round the thorn some sweet to twine.

And oh, more blest ! 'mid Beauty's glows,  
Thy light cerulean pinion strays !  
Thy touch, the soft cheek's budding rose  
Expanding to the raptured gaze !

---

## CHILD AND MOTHER.

---

SORROWING, repentant for the folly past,  
Kneels the sweet child, as o'er her dubious hangs  
A mother's fearful frown.—Yet Love behind  
Sly-loitering lurks!—What though a while reversed,  
His torch gleams smothering, and his face concealed,  
Yet is he near!—and soon his powerful touch  
Shall smiles of rapture wake,—by sorrow nursed  
Now lovelier far!

Thus Zephyr from the rose  
The night dew shakes, and kisses its bright cheek,  
More soft, more balmy, from the tempering shade.

---

This piece is taken from the etching of a drawing by Lady Templeton, designed by the Princess Elizabeth.—A charming specimen of her charming talents! I know not whether I have quite understood the picture as she meant it, but I have ventured to introduce into my copy only three of the figures.

---

### COTTAGE GIRL.

---

PERCHED on a stone, beside the cottage-door,  
Sat a child-girl, in raiment somewhat poor,  
Blooming ;—a wild-rose 'mid the invidious shade !—  
Lingering she sat, for not yet piggy came  
In her morn-meal his wonted part to claim :—  
Sipping, she anxious watched each opening glade.

But now he comes, in coat his purest white ;—  
(To ladies even pigs must be polite ;)  
And now they joyful eat, and oft she smiled :  
But lo ! too greedy of the goodly fare,  
Poor piggy munches far above his share,  
“ Take a 'poon, piggy !” then exclaimed the child.

Ah, simple girl ! yet man from thee might learn  
Love to his fellow man, and wise discern  
That all were better loving less themselves :—  
But sure, if some amid the various crowd  
Should gulp too much, 'twere fair to cry aloud,  
“ Take a 'poon, piggy !” to the greedy elves\*.

---

\* The incident of a goodnatured child constantly sharing its breakfast with a pig, and using this expression on finding that it eat too fast, I have heard a friend of mine mention with much pleasure, and I think he said it occurred within his own knowledge.

Since writing the above note, I have found the same incident introduced into a beautiful little tale, by a writer of high talents, who is perhaps unrivalled in the philosophy of tale telling.

---

**CHILD AND EVENING.**

---

---

"Twas eve; the proud sun in his tent reclined,  
O'er heaven's vast concave all his pomp displayed;  
Here pictured clouds his liveliest hues combined,  
There the deep amber sunk in purply shade.

Slow 'long the margin of the wide-spread deep,  
That shone reflective of the incumbent day,  
While o'er the expanse the soft wind seemed to sleep,  
An infant-boy had bent his devious way.

Transfixed he stood, and gazed the wondrous scene;  
High in his soul unusual feelings rose:  
He wept—and smiled those rapturous tears between,  
Nor yet his tongue could paint his bosom's glows.

Fain would he tell, even to the unconscious wave,  
How much he joyed, how much his soul adored!—  
He knows not how—his wildering accents rave,  
And now entranced he paused, and now deplored.

Lo! from the south the silvery crescent beams,  
And plays fantastic as the waters glide:  
Soon, deeper curving, the resplendence streams;—  
The lamp of fancy pendent in the tide!

Fair to his eye the inverted visions rise,  
Transparent domes, that crest the emerald grove,  
And founts, and flowery lawns, his ken descries,  
Where fancy's varying forms in beauty rove.

“ Now heaven I see ! and all the angel-train !  
“ I come, dear Lilla ! to thy home I come !”—  
He said, and plunging in the o'erwhelming main,  
His heaven he found, sweet baby ! and his tomb.

---

### CHILDREN AT MARLI.\*

---

THE morn gleams faintly, Stranger, many a cloud  
Shadows its front; perhaps the blackening storm  
May o'er thee burst! yet, ere thou seek'st thy home,  
Enter yon fair alcove, that, 'mid these scenes  
Of nature's cultured grace, 'mid woods and lawns,  
Sacred to kindness seems.—There mark three babes,  
Two busied cheerly—lovelier for their toil—  
Picking dry sticks, to bundle for the arm  
Of him the other child, poor, woe-besprent,  
Shivering in rags and wretchedness, the slave

---

\* This incident from Bernadine de St. Pierre, in his *Etudes de la Nature*. The scene, the magnificent park of Marli; the children, a boy and two girls.

Of an unkind one.—Now a while indeed  
He blesses his kind fate, for now he rests,  
Munching an ample meal his little friends  
Gave from their own; and more, he kindling feels  
The touch of human love\*; and his cheek glows,  
As ever and anon his dark eye steals  
From his lone meal, to watch the willing hands  
Of kindness ply for him.

Oh, thus in love,  
Sweet babes, proceed ! and we will doubt a while  
Whether more blest, to suffer, or to save.

---

\* “ The touch of kindred too and love he feels.”

THOMSON.

---

---

## COTTAGE-GIRL AND FOUNTAIN.

A WANDERER'S STORY.

---

“ WHILE flamed the burning noon, o'er barren hills  
I journeyed, wearied with the rugged scene,  
Sighing for cooler hours. When now my path  
Wound down the mountain, and anon I spied  
The wooded vale, and now the welling fount,  
Scooped in a rocky nook, with shade o'erhung.

Humid the rock, and moss-grown, and the shade  
Dark, in one hue reflected. Pleased I viewed,  
More near approaching ; then beside the fount,  
That parting sought the vale, a child I saw,  
A blooming child, with pleasure-darting eyes,  
Floating light king-cups on the glassy wave.  
Warm glowed her cheek amid her auburn hair,  
Crisped and curved, even as the budding rose  
Glows mid its sheltering moss ; and beamed her eye  
Bright as the dew-drop in the violet cup  
Touched by the ray of heaven.

She said she came,  
A cottage girl, to drink the cool clear stream ;  
That now she lingered through the sultry hour  
Till her loved mother from the town returned,  
And made home glad again. " Sweet child," I cried,

“ And I will meet thee there !”—For nought so dear  
In Nature’s ample round,—not the cool grot,  
Nor shaded fountain ‘mid the burning waste,  
To him, the wearied one, not half so dear  
As, ‘mid the waste of life, the kindly home,  
Where the fond mother clasps her blooming babe,  
And love benignant reigns !”—

---

### BUTTERFLY AND BOY.

---

---

Poor harmless flutterer ! clouds and storm  
Can even thy transient day deform ?  
But rest thee now—and void of care—  
For yon ingenuous boy will spare  
Thy glittering wings, and pleased will be  
Thy guardian in adversity :—  
And, when the pattering rain is o'er,  
Safe to thy favoured haunts restore,  
And bid thee range from flower to flower,  
And fill with bliss thy fleeting' hour.—

He too, loved boy ! the wilds would rove  
On lightsome pinion, joy to prove !  
Yet, though for him 'tis spring-tide's dawn,  
And gold light streaks the upland lawn,  
And fruits of richest promise dwell  
Low cradling in each blossom's cell ;—  
Yet if for him some drearier storm  
Should all this heaven of hope deform !  
Tear every flower, each sweet destroy,  
Nor leave the buds of future joy !—

\* \* \* \* \*



### THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

---

O'ER the rough hill the guardian mother strews  
Light leaves and flowers: and now, while bends her boy  
To pluck the blooming sweets,—beneath whose shade  
He oft meets, smiling, with joy-darting eyes,  
Fruits of the ripened year,—the ascent he gains;  
And health, and ample views that spread sublime!  
Fixed to no narrow spot, he owns the whole,  
The glorious whole! and blesses the kind hand  
That led him there,—and Him that lives through all.

---

### CHILDREN AND BUTTERFLY.

---

A CHILD among the flowery meadows roving  
On Emon's shore, a butterfly espies,  
And captures soon, and pleased, its fears reproving,  
Hollowing his little hands, to guard it tries.  
Then tripping light, with face that tells his story,  
Bears to his sister Madeline the prize ;  
Shews her its purply wings and golden glory,  
Its feathery meal, its crest, and crimson dyes !—

“ But how detain unhurt the fluttering stranger ?  
What, if this empty cage the thing enclose ?  
Here it may rest secure from every danger,  
And then we'll bring it lily leaves and rose !”—  
Nor more they said, their prisoner's fate consulting,  
But in their cage with cautious touch dispose ;  
Then view it round, and laugh with hearts exulting,  
And bring it blooming lily leaves and rose !

And think it joys to range its gilded mansion ;—  
But ah ! no joy the pensive captive proves !  
Fain would it give its folded wings expansion,  
And seek those meads where centre all it loves.  
It creeps, it flies, and openings oft discovers,  
And presses through, yet still imprisoned roves :  
Now round the walls and fast-closed window hovers,  
Thence distant viewing lawns and blossomed groves.

And still the children seize it, still immuring,  
 Or chiding now, now strewing gaudier flowers :—  
 Ah, simple babes ! their frowns, their smiles alluring,  
 Check not the wing that still to rapture towers !—  
 Then tired they cease :—then through the wires it presses,  
 And unreclaimed !—for smile those happier hours  
 When its fond flight an open window blesses,  
 Pleased it escapes, and seeks its native bowers.

There with congenial forms it roves delighted,  
 'Mid unspoiled sweets its sportive pinions play,  
 Its wishes crowned, its lingering toils requited,  
 Wrapt in the splendours of the heavenly ray.—  
 And thus, immortal Mind ! thy home desiring,  
 Thy anxious flutterings round this dark scene stray ;  
 Now lost thou sink'st, then soar'st on wing aspiring,  
 Till freed, thou risest to the source of day !

---

THE CHILD LOVE,

AND HIS  
BUTTERFLIES.

---

AH, come ! 'tis Love !—no guile he wears,  
He smiles—his breath perfumes the gale :—  
Nor bow, nor quivered dart he bears,  
But seeks with harmless step the vale.—

Ah, come ! for there the playful child  
Now chases, 'mid the noontide glow,  
His emblemed Psyches o'er the wild,  
To rest where budding roses blow.

Lovely !—But whence that look, that scorns ?—  
And can he thus—insidious boy !—  
Tear on yon roses' lurking thorns  
Those fluttering wings he lured to joy ! \*

---

\* The beautiful antique gem, of Cupid with his torch, buring the wings of the butterfly, (or Psyche, or the soul,) may have suggested this story.

---

**THE CHILD LOVE,**

**AND HIS**

**ROSE-LEAVES.**

---

A young and gentle stream beside,—  
Gentle, for scarce it seemed to glide,  
Though onward, onward, distant raving!—  
But here its pebbly bed was seen  
With margin of the tenderest green,  
And lightest spring-flowers o'er it waving:—

And baby Love, beside this stream—  
An idling boy—as wrapt in dream,  
    Lay gazing where the scene invited :  
Then one by one, from many a rose  
The leaves unfolds, and softly blows  
    To float upon the waves, delighted.

Beauteous the fine-curved petals move !  
Reflected too with lights of Love,  
    And gemmed with drops—the dews of morning !—  
But now adown the stream they go,  
Till all are lost,—their scent, their glow,  
    No more that silvery stream adorning.—

Ah ! is it thus that hopes, and joys,  
Or Love, or life's swift lapse destroys ?  
    Or Fate, each dearest haunt pervading ?  
Yet wiselier, Love, thy rose-blooms save,  
Nor idly scatter on the wave,  
    For sweet their growth those banks o'ershading !

---

**THE CHILD LOVE,****AND****GENIUS.**

---

**IT chanced in lonely vale afar,  
By woods, and purple evening shaded,  
While o'er it hung the Idalian star,  
That Love, with tiny pomp, paraded.**

**" And mine the scene, and mine the hour!"—  
He said, and flung his bow beside him ;  
But as it fell it crushed the flower,—  
His own dear flower when joys betide him !**

Then sorrowing wept the wayward child,<sup>\*</sup>  
His pride was gone, his star declining!—  
When Genius o'er him cheering smiled,  
And lent his lyre,—with amaranth\* twining.

He touched, and triumphed at the tones;  
(Though but to soothe had Genius meant it;)  
And soon its mightier power he owns,  
And oh! the heightening grace he lent it!

Wondrous the charm! its plaintive sound  
Through all the heart's recesses roving;  
While beamed its strings in light around,  
And loveliest visions o'er it moving.

---

\* See note at the end of the volume.

The boy with rapture viewed the lyre,  
As on its chords his touch reposes ;  
Yet, childish still, with fond desire,  
Would change its amaranth for roses.

Then Genius loud exclaimed—“ Forbear !  
Nor from my lyre its own wreaths sever !—  
But, wiser, twine thy flowerets there,  
To bloom with mine, and bloom for ever !”

---

## CHILD AND NIGHTINGALE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

---

In hour of sport, an idly-busy boy  
A fluttering bird secured with silken string,  
Then urged its flight, and gazed with barbarous joy;  
But the short cord soon checks the aspiring wing.  
With puerile anger fired, the child then cries,  
“ Thou canst not fly !”—The indignant bird replies,  
“ Ah, break this cord, and see how then thy captive flies !

---

This and the following piece are translations of two little fugitive Italian poems. Their graceful simplicity and beautifully insinuated morality, in tempting, almost forbade translation. The significant naïveté of the lines,

Spezza quel filo, e allor vedrai se volo!

in the first, and

Perche cogliesti i fiori?

in the second, I have been anxious to preserve; but my imitations do not satisfy me; they say too much. That the Italian reader may not lose these or any other beauties of the poems, the originals are subjoined.

## THE ITALIAN.

## IL FANCIULLO E L'USIGNUOLO.

---

MENTRE dell'usignuolo un fanciuletto  
Al manco piede ha un lungo filo attorto,  
Lo spinge al vol, con barbaro diletto ;  
Ma quanto é corto il filo, il volo é corto.  
Grida il fanciul, con pueril dispetto,  
Volar non sai ! Risponde l'usignuolo,  
Spezza quel filo, e allor vedrai se volo !

---

**CHILD AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS.****FROM THE ITALIAN.**

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CLOTHED with new blooms the odorous orange smiled,  
When to the garden came a lovely child,  
Admired and seized them, while her soft cheek glowed:  
Then 'mid her robes, and o'er her wavy hair,  
And o'er her bosom, than themselves more fair,  
To grace her charms the snowy blossoms strowed.

Past was the spring; arrived those grateful hours  
When golden fruit succeeds to blushing flowers;  
Again the gentle girl the garden sought:  
Sweet hope invites—she grasps her favourite tree,  
But leaves alone her eager eye can see;—  
Perplexed she weeps, her tears with anger fraught.  
  
Then mild the gardener said:—If fruit thy joy,  
Why pluck the flowers?—thus flowers and fruit destroy!

---

## THE ITALIAN.

## DORI E IL GIARDINIERE.

---

MENTRE odorosa pianta  
D'aranci entro il giardino  
Di nuovi fior s'ammanta,  
Scende a quellà vicino  
Una gentil donzella,  
Che tutti li raccoglie;  
E per sembrar piu bella,  
Fra il crine, e tra le spoglie,  
E del sen tra gli avori  
Al velo intreccia i fiori.

Nella stagion gradita  
Che il frutto al fior succede,  
Dolce desia la invita,  
E là rivolge il piede.  
Ma quando ella si appressa  
A quella pianta stessa,  
Attonita rimira  
Che carcar é sol di fronde,  
E piange e se n'adira.  
E il giardinier risponde :  
Bramavi i frutti O Dori,  
Perche cogliesti i fiori ?

---

**CHILDREN.—WANDERERS**

Rosa con rosa par, stella con stella. ZAPPI.

MORNING of spring ! sweet infant life !  
To thee and hope and heaven\* belong !  
Fancy may joy 'mid storms and strife,  
But memory gives to thee the song.

Where meadows slope with flowerets gay,  
Or on the shadowing copses side,  
Two lovely children oft would stray,  
Or where 'mid rocks their streamlets glide.

\* “ Of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

And Leila's opening casement near  
Violets and scented shrubs abound,  
But one dear rose, than all more dear,  
By Lilan planted, spells surround.

Pleased would she watch its budding flowers,  
And gayest woodnotes wildering sing,  
And o'er it shed, in gladdening showers,  
Fresh waters from the fountain spring :

Oh ! if the admiring verse could trace  
The varying bliss her bosom knows ;  
Much would it tell, and with that grace  
Which nature's graceful self bestows.

For, Childhood ! still thy rapturous dreams  
Gleam through the past in tenderest light,  
Even as the young moon's trembling beams  
Play 'mid the darkened clouds of night !

But Lilan comes, his winning tongue  
The pledged walk claims, nor she denies ;  
Round her his fond arm careless flung  
They pass, joy sparkling in their eyes.

Shadowing his brow, and smooth and bright,  
Adown the thick dark ringlets strayed,  
And o'er his cheek, where glowed delight,  
One lingering curl luxuriant played.

Her lighter tresses feathering wave  
O'er her fair front, as sports the wind,  
While rosebuds, that her Lilan gave,  
Bloomed lovelier on her breast reclined.

But lo ! the sunny shower descends,  
To spread fresh fragrance through the vale ;  
And where a broad oak's foliage bends,  
Our wanderers shelter from the gale.

Hence viewed, the hilly walk they chose,  
Where partial light the path illumes,  
While in the east the rainbow glows,  
O'er-arching the wild forest's glooms.

Ceased is the shower, the rainbow fades,  
They pass, unnumbered joys to find !—  
But oh ! what means the frown that shades  
My Lilan's brow, my Leila's mind ?—

'Tis but a shade ! at Love's command  
What storms arise ! what tempests cease !  
Her hand she gave, he kissed the hand—  
Forgiveness beamed in smiles of peace.—

More charmed, more fond, afar they rove ;  
Still fancied bliss their steps pursue ;  
Now where deep winds the vistoed grove,  
Now where the landscape bursts to view.

But soon the dubious evening-ray  
Sunk 'mid the gathering glooms of night :  
Fain would they trace their homeward way,  
But rocks and wild woods mocked their sight.

Then rose the moon with transient smile ;  
Yet hand in hand the wanderers stray ;  
Till 'mid a ruin's grass-grown pile  
Sheltering, their wearied forms they lay.

There on a tomb, with deep moss sear,  
Pillowing their heads, in sweet repose,  
Were found, loved babes ! a lucid tear  
Still lingering on their cheek of rose.\*

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\* There is a picture by Guido more emblematical :—a child asleep on a tomb, which a crimson drapery almost conceals.

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## **Scattered Leaves.**

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I.

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## F R A G M E N T.

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### I.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Knowledge may boast, and plead each learned rule,  
Yet poor is knowledge, with the base and dull:  
Genius alone can e'er its depths explore,  
Discern where richest lies the gold in ore,  
Bid it take value, from its dross refined,  
And moulded in that mighty mint the mind.

Buno in vain the ponderous folio spread,  
Marnon read there what Buno never read :—  
Pursued each hint, each faint allusion caught,  
An outline found, and filled it up with thought.—

O Genius ! thou that blessed his natal hour,  
Thine every subtle, every forceful power !  
Power, that far distant differing objects takes,  
Combines, inspires, each art's perfection wakes !  
Bids the proud Epic's generous rage controul,  
Or soft Idyllium pour the melting soul :  
Bids boldest Truth, or loftiest Fiction, dare ;  
Bids Sculpture still Promethean power declare ;  
And Music wind the magic maze of song,  
And Picture charm, her storied scenes among :

Bids to mechanics the strong purpose bend,  
And wonders act, and mighty works extend :—  
In simplest forms the latent greatness spies,\*  
And bids the rich Corinthian column rise !—  
But each high work thy energies pervade,  
Thus seen, thus felt,—embodied light in shade !—

Ye liberal spirits ! blest above your kind  
With all the proud prerogatives of mind,  
Who, Genius-fired, disdaining weak controul,  
Pour through your various walk the enkindling soul !

---

\* Callimachus saw in an acanthus, a tile, and a little basket, which he by chance met with placed on the tomb of a Grecian girl—he saw in these the noblest order of architecture!

Nothing is more characteristic of Genius than this story.

Ardent, or gentle, who in fair design  
Virtue and Fancy's loveliest traits combine ;  
Who own the bliss affection's smiles impart,  
And meet its sigh just stealing from the heart ;  
Who Freedom love, to genuine Nature true,  
Rejecting all that hides her from your view ;  
Firm in benevolence, whose hopes extend  
O'er the vast globe, still owned of man the friend !  
Ye liberal spirits ! wheresoe'er you rove,  
What realm contains you, or what fate you prove ;  
Whether, enrapt in fond domestic joy,  
Home, and its touching cares, your hours employ ;  
Or widely wandering, distant shores you range,  
Seeking your objects in discursive change ;  
Whether your steps mid time-reared glaciers stray,  
Where, robed in light, fantastic visions play ;

Whether you meet 'mid Iran's spicy groves,  
The smiling Peries, or yet kindlier Loves ;  
Or wondering view from Lapland's dreary plain  
The brumal north o'er heaven's wide concave reign ;  
View\* domes fire-circled, marshalled hosts extend,  
And arcs effulgent o'er the vastness bend ;  
Shadowing the pomp, view purply ensigns stream,  
And night's meridian scorn the noontide beam.—  
Whether you trace where snow-fed Lula roams,  
Or where 'mid beauty Terno's cataract foams ;  
Norwegian gulphs, where storms their orgies keep,  
Or blooming islands of the Ionian deep ;  
And that dear shore, where Genius' step sublime  
Still marks each fragment 'mid the waste of time !—

---

\* See Maupertuis' account of the Aurora Borealis as it appears in Lapland.

You pleased I hail, with you excursive rove  
Through every scene, and still your influence prove ;  
Catch your quick ardours, all your interests feel,  
Unseen thus view you as yourselves reveal ;  
Thus with you linger at the evening hour,  
'Mid the lone wood-walk, or the cloistering bower,  
Marking the day-tints through the umbrage fade,  
Till moonlight radiance cheers the darkening glade.  
Proud, not ambitious, gay of heart, sincere,  
Though oft cold sorrow claims the silent tear.—  
Yet blest, far distant from the expecting throng,  
While given to nature and to truth the song,  
If in my page, though still my self unknown,  
You meet one thought congenial with your own.

---

### A POET'S HOURS.

---

'MID tumbling rocks abrupt with horrent woods,  
That toss their proud arms as the thunders roll,  
Now forms of grandeur seize his trembling soul,  
Stunned by the roarings of the swollen floods.  
  
The Passions wild he views with front sublime,  
Views o'er their brows electric lightnings play,  
Views their huge wings enfold the struggling day,  
Soaring, gigantic, to some ampler clime  
Beyond life's mimic power, and feeble grasp of time.

Then Beauty, beaming o'er his inward eyes,  
Lulls all his senses to intense repose,  
As wrapt in shades, while evening westering glows,  
Beside some smooth clear lake he careless lies.—

She comes!—her lyre to sounds celestial strung!—  
 As Maia comes!—ambrosial zephyr breathes;—  
 Her brows the myrtle's blossomed foliage wreathes,  
 Her gauzy robe in wavering foldings flung;—  
 A silvery cloud her car, with shadowy roses hung.—

Thus meets the youth each visionary power,  
 That warm with life informs his vast design,  
 In varying shades a blended whole divine,  
 More fair than nature in her fairest hour\* :—  
 Thus 'mid his songs their harmonies combine,  
 Full-toned, impressive through each lengthening line,  
 Raising the soul from life's insipid way  
 To that blest home where joys eternal stray,  
 And flowers unfading bloom, and suns unclouded shine.

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\* The *beau ideal* of all the fine arts.

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**BEAUTY.**

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ETERNAL Beauty ! thou whose visions warm  
My soul to rapture, all my senses charm ;  
In odorous breezes round my temples move,  
Or spread to airy sounds the bowers of love !  
Thee could I paint as to my view displayed,  
Thy scenes ethereal seizing ere they fade,  
Then joy were mine !—but hope,—ah hope is vain  
To pour such graces o'er the unequal strain ;

To bid the verse in wide transparency shine,  
Shadowing celestial domes and forms divine !

Illusive power ! thy emanating ray  
But gleams, the rainbow of my darken'd day !  
Still o'er my view thy form ideal strays,  
To melt in fine suffusions as I gaze !—  
Yet still I love thee, still in dreams adore ;—  
Or waked to earth thy humbler haunts explore.

There have I seen thee where the soft lawns swell,  
With woods o'erhanging to the shadowy dell,  
Round shafts Corinthian mimic foliage twine,—  
Or curve the tranquil river's silvery line,—  
Or lingering pensive where the lone birch grows,  
Or bending rapturous o'er the blushing rose.

With Fancy met thee in thy storied vale,\*  
While laurels bloom'd, and music swelled the gale;  
Met thee, where still thy step delighted roves,  
'Mid the grand silence of Pimento groves,†  
Whose stately columns fling the broad dark shade,  
With white flowers pendant to the scented glade.

---

\* Tempe;—and the Theoria or deputation of the most beautiful youth of Delphi every ninth year to that valley where Apollo had gathered laurels.

† “Pimento.” “The trunk, which is of a grey colour, smooth and shining, and altogether free from bark, rises to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. It then branches out on all sides, richly clothed with leaves of a deep green, somewhat like those of the bay-tree; and these in the months of July and August are beautifully contrasted and relieved by an exuberance of white flowers. It is remarkable that the leaves are equally fragrant with the fruit, and I am told yield in distillation a delicate odoriferous oil.”

*Edwards's Hist. of the West Indies.*

Seen thee in dimples baby smiles display,  
Seen thee in tear-drops 'mid those dimples stray ;  
Seen thee when Love's fond gaze Melellia drew,  
Her soft cheek deepening to the adoring view :—  
Graceful the charm !—Oh may I yet behold  
Life's touching traits, and in my songs unfold !  
To Fancy's tints the Soul's expression lend,  
And Nature's grace with Moral Beauty blend !—

---

## ATTACHMENT.

“ Ah voila dela Pervenche !” ROUSSEAU. \*

“ ROSANNA !” cried the Baron, loud beneath  
 Rosanna’s window, where she loved to breathe  
 The vernal gales, or mark the glowing scene :  
 And here around a blossomed pear-tree clung,  
 In bowery shade, and grateful odours flung,  
 Its white blooms clustering ’mid its tender green.

With more than wonted joy the Baron spake,  
 She bending gazed, her hopes and fears awake,  
 “ This little stick,” he cried, “ Rosanna, see !—  
 ’Tis now four years since first, through Holmby wood  
 Wandering with one I loved, in thoughtful mood,  
 I cut it, wistless, from its parent tree.

\* “ Ah voila dela Pervenche,” exclaimed Rousseau, on seeing again this flower, which had been endeared to him by a tender scene, “ Ah, here is periwinkle.”—“ He has done enough,” says Guingené, “ to consecrate this flower. It is one of those expressions of the heart which proves the empire of genius, and the illumination it bestows on the most simple productions of nature.” *Guingené’s Letters.*

Since then through many a wild and weary road  
 Still has it journied with me, still abode  
 With my Penates, a memorial dear!—  
 The other day I lost it 'mid the waste,  
 In vain I grieved, each devious step retraced,  
 With all a friend's solicitude and fear.—

But lo! 'tis safe!"—He said, and twirled it round,  
 Playful, yet earnest,—“ but this morn 'twas found!—  
 Then think my joy,—and this good hour restored!—  
 Rosanna smiled ;—ah, was it that she thought  
 The tale insipid?—or, with graces fraught?  
 Graces that feeling owns, and love's least traits afford!

The incident here related is a real one, with only a trifling variation in the Baron's narrative.—A yet more interesting anecdote is told us by the good Bernadin de St. Pierre, of Poutaveri, the Indian of Otaheite. When he saw the paper-mulberry tree in the royal gardens of Paris, he exclaimed with tears in his eyes, and throwing his arms round the tree, “ O arbre de mon pays! O tree of my country!—

L'abbé de Lille says that he embraced the tree, crying “ c'est Otaite!” and looking on the other trees, “ ce n'est pas Otaite!”—

Without attending much to the philosophy of the subject, every one must have heard of the effect of early associations in the Ranz des Vaches, Mr. Pope's declaration, &c. &c.

## SENSIBILITY.

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“ SWEET fluttering stranger, doomed to roam  
 Life’s wildering maze, alone, forlorn !  
 Pleased thou wouldest find some genial home,  
 And with thy dearest powers adorn.

“ \*Thy pensive glows, thy graceful folly,  
 Sink all unheeded, all unknown !  
 While listless lingering melancholy  
 Makes every soothing hope her own.

---

\* “ Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,  
 Lie all neglected, all forgot ;  
 And penitent, wavering melancholy,  
 Thou hopest and fear’st thou knowst not what.”

Prior’s imitation of the verses Adriani morientis ad animam suam.

“ Ah, couldst thou some soft sheltering breast  
In thy far wandering flight discover,  
There should thy wearied pinions rest  
Till life’s unpitying storms were over !”

Thus to his soul the pensive Carnon sighed,  
Nor found the breast his fondest feelings sought,  
With kindred charms, with kindred virtues fraught ;—  
Unsocial thence, he sunk, and sorrowing died.

---

**E V E N I N G.**

---

HENCE vain obtrusive day ! thy “ garish pride”  
In languid sighs my wearied spirit proves :—  
Evening ! I hail thee from this wild brook’s side,  
For ah ! ‘tis thee thy pensive wanderer loves !—  
Whether in robes of purply glow,  
Whose ample folds luxuriant spread  
O’er the wood-grown mountain’s head,  
Thou bendst majestic to the vales below ;  
Thy dewy fingers scattering round  
Pearl-drops, and blooms of sweetest flowers,  
While of thy voice the mellow sound  
Swell’s along vistoed lawns, deep rocks, and clustering  
bowers :

Whether, with gently-stealing pace,  
Thy tresses waving wide their shadowy grace,  
Raptured thou rovest the visionary maze,  
And point'st thy loved star's trembling light,  
Or meek retiring from my wandering gaze,  
Hidest thy warm blushes in the veil of night.

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### A SOLITUDE.

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\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

A SOLITARY spot, amid the gloom  
Of oak and alder, whence the glassy wave  
Spreads with its cloistering woods:—woods now withdrawn,  
Now pendant o'er its shores; while jut between,  
White crags, brown copses, and the blossomed thorn:—  
Beds of pale primrose too, and that meek flower  
Which viewless scents the wild.—

Beloved scene!

How sweet, when westering sinks the glowing day,  
Lighting thy inmost shades with crimson gleams,

How sweet, reclined upon this mossy bank,  
To list thy wild bird's song,—each lingering pause  
Filled with the ring-dove's moan!—and odours breathe  
From the slight rose, or woodbine, that entwines  
Yon gnarled trunk!—till, 'mid the gathering gloom,  
The star of evening on the silent wave  
Sheds its long radiant line!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*



**MARNON.**

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He lived unknown, from maniac man remote,  
To heaven, to nature, and to song devote.  
Though no fond hours those feelings e'er impart,  
That still expanding, preyed upon his heart,  
Yet Truth was near, in beamy light arrayed,  
And Fancy cheered him 'mid the cloistering shade.  
With her full oft he breathed the inspiring gale  
Where old Alpheus winds along the vale:  
Or sought where woods Sicilian lawns enclose,  
Or where the fabulous Hydaspes flows. \*

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\* ————— vel quæ loca fabulosus  
Lambit Hydaspes.—HOR. I. 22.

Thus to his view obedient nature yields,  
 And rears her rocks, or spreads her flowery fields ;  
 While evening odours blend, or wakening Morn  
 'Mid shadowing roses hangs her silvery horn.\*  
 Or day expands with strongest splendours bright,  
 And deepest darkness robes the noon of night.

Soon to the world's "unweeded waste" removed,  
 Anxious he lingered, for the soil he loved.  
 By Genius blest, by purest Wisdom taught,  
 He gave to mightiest growth the germs of thought ;  
 Bade Truth's firm plants their powerful shade extend  
 To countless virtues, though the storms descend :  
 Man still his hope, for noblest aims designed,  
 With all the glorious promises of mind ;

\* Early risers may have observed the morning star when a crescent, with the light rose-coloured clouds that often precede the rising sun.

Though sunk so oft in vanity or strife,  
Or linked with every crime that darkens life ;—  
Mad, if the public weal his cares employ,  
To poison every source of public joy !  
Mad, if religion be his zeal's pretence,  
To lose its spirit in its form's defence !  
Mad, when for peace he calls the fiend of war,  
Urging through blood his desolating car ;—  
Mad !—Yet no more !—O might these later hours  
But view his worth commensurate with his powers !  
View life conformed to Heaven's benevolent plan,  
And man delight in all that blesses man !—

Sublime his hopes :—but blindfold Violence rose,  
Confounding Virtue's sons with Virtue's foes.—  
Despairing, sad, again he sought the shade,  
Where Truth still charm'd in beamy smiles array'd ;

And still she bade him scenes of bliss descry,  
 With bold Anticipation's firm-fixed eye.—  
 Better the crowd had felt his genius' force,  
 And lightning satire clear'd his arduous course!—  
 Ah no!—but oft 'mid various man he sought  
 Those touching traits that feed the generous thought;  
 Concentring still, he owned their sweet controul,  
 Which soothed, though guised in simplest forms, the soul.  
 Thus, Poussin! thou, amid the ruined Rome,—  
 While yet perchance thy spirit mourned its doom,—  
 Sought flowers, and flints, and moss, and shells, to throw  
 Their living semblance 'mid thy pictures' glow!—\*

---

\* "I have often beheld with astonishment the great zeal which this excellent painter had to become perfect in his art. I have often seen him at a very advanced age, amongst the ruins of ancient Rome, and often in the Campagna, and often on the banks of the Tiber, observing and drawing there what he found most to his taste. I have often seen him bringing home in his handkerchief flints, moss, flowers, and such like substances, which he was anxious to paint after the substances themselves."

From *Melanges de Literature*, as quoted by Mr. Seward in his *Anecdotes*.

The man so formed, what though he pine alone,  
 Nor meet one mind congenial with his own :  
 Though Malice wound him with her keenest dart,  
 And bare the finest sluices of his heart ;      f. 5 r.  
 By Genius nursed, by Virtue reared sublime,  
 With hopes high towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
 Sighs as he views the mean or madding throng,  
 But ne'er to satire bends the lofty song.\*

\* “ Man perceiving beauty, perceives also the ridiculous” (or deformed,) “ but though he perceives, he does not delight in it; for it is the pleasure of the vain, the invidious, and the malignant, not of the great and good, who delight in the contemplation of the beautiful, but turn their eyes away from the deformed.”—*Monboddo's Ancient Metaphysics*.

“ Sublime geniuses perceive the ridicule of things, but do not delight in it, for truth and beauty are their pursuit.”—*Macaulay*.

Both from Plato, I believe.

For him the Horæ dreams of rapture spread,  
And forms celestial hover round his head :—  
And from his view when human wrongs depart,  
And life's last feeling quivers o'er his heart,  
Ah, then more pure this flame of love will burn,  
In lambent glories round the mortal urn ;  
Triumphant rising, to those realms consigned  
Where spreads, for ever spreads, illimitable mind !

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**Carylus.**

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## CARYLUS.

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\* Not to the bosom passions wild deform,  
Or pride contracts, life's loveliest powers are given :  
—Can the rude surge reflect the face of heaven ?—  
Or music soften through the midnight storm ?—  
Oh, Gentleness ! the graceful joys are thine !  
    The elegance of love, the soothing glow  
    Of beauty's charms, the magic sounds that flow  
From kindness' tongue, the sympathies divine !—  
When the tear trembles in thy melting eye,  
    When sorrow shades thy brow, thou smilest serene,  
    Through sadness smilest, as mourning clouds between  
The pale moon sheds her light. Thine, harmony,  
And sculptured grace, and genius' chastened song,  
And picture's fairest charms, its fairest forms among.

---

• “ Grace is perfect when most simple—grace can never live where the passions rave ;—beauty and tranquillity of soul are the centre of its power. To grace Apelles and Correggio owe immortality. The more tranquillity reigns in a body the fitter it is to shew the true character of the soul, which in every

## CARYLUS.

BEAUTY's full lustre seizes thousand hearts,  
 But what pure spirit feels each tenderer grace ?  
 The sweet suffusions mantling o'er the face ?  
 The latent loveliness a look imparts ?—  
 When passion pours the song with swell divine  
 Each breast entrapt the impetuous power declares,  
 But ah ! for whom expands the graceful line  
 Whose smooth clear mirror finest shadowings bears ?  
 The vulgar train oft may have joyed to view  
 The dazzling glories day's effulgence gave,  
 But ne'er for such thy star, soft Evening, threw  
 Its silvery radiance o'er the folding wave !

---

excessive gesture seems to rush from its proper centre. Wound up to the highest pitch of passion she may force herself upon the duller eye, but the true sphere of her action is simplicity and calmness," &c.—*Winkelmann on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks, translated by Fuseli.*

Carylus may regret that he did not see Winkelmann's chapter on grace, before his first and second little inadequate poems were written. For the rest, a few concetti will perhaps be pardoned in the refinements and exaggerations of a youthful lover, without adverting to any of his great masters for an apology.

## CARYLUS.

CELESTIAL mind ! whose beams ethereal stray  
 'Mid the bright wavering roses of her cheek,  
 Where Love, in cradling smiles, abashed and meek,  
 Flutters his infant wings, and owns the ray.  
 Celestial mind ! whose dazzling lustres play  
 O'er those dark ocean eyes\*, or round her spread  
 Elusive beauty !—on thy shrine I shed  
 Votive, the fairest flowers that grace my way.—  
 Though cold as Parian rock that living shrine,  
 Yet oft its whiteness to thy generous glows  
 blushes unconscious with a warmth divine :  
 While circling far, on all thy magic throws  
 Spells of high power, which round the soul entwine,  
 Prompting Elysian dreams, where hopes and fears repose.

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\* “ Ocean eyes!” The supposed extravagance of Homer's “ ox-eyed,”  
 is little to this!

---

**CARYLUS.**

---

OH ! it is sweet to feel the power  
That round that loved form wildering strays !  
To meet it in those eyes' dark gaze,  
As some fair star at evening hour !  
And sweet to hear her speech, her song,  
Its thrilling soothing tones prolong !—  
But more in pitying silence dear  
If from its fount it call a tear,  
And o'er a roseate smile diffuse :—  
Radiant !—a wild flower 'mid the dews !

---

**CARYLUS.**

---

OFT in lone musings by the willowy stream,  
Which clear and murmuring all the landscape laves,  
He viewed, through pendant woods, the noontide beam  
Dart pointed lustres on the sportive waves:  
Or in deep azure hung, the lamp of night  
Shed its mild radiance o'er the shadowy scene,  
Silver the spiry cliffs, the vale serene,  
And meet its image in the lake's broad light.  
Now on the summit of some hill reclined,  
He watched the blue mists veil the expanse below,  
While starting tears confessed the charm refined  
That love, thus nurtured, bade his bosom know.

“ And Love—ah, Love ! thou dear deceit !  
That fills my soul, that fills my song !  
Beware, fond feeling Bard, of Love !  
What though he lead thy tranced feet  
Soft vales and roseate bowers among,  
While odorous breezes round thee rove :—

“ Yet what to thee his forms so fair,  
Where Nature’s kindliest beauties beam,  
Where Hope’s celestial visions glow !—  
These fly thee still, and leave Despair !—  
Ah, Poet ! then be Woe thy theme,  
For all eludes thy grasp but Woe !”

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### A LOVER'S STORY \*.

---

“ OH ! had you known him well as I have known”—  
’Twas thus she said, her eyes suffused with tears,—  
“ Then would you think of him as much as I ?”—  
On a rude flag beside the Loire we sat,  
Viewing the goodly scene, which here combined  
Nature’s most lovely forms. In the clear wave

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\* It might perhaps be as well to say a Lover's *simple* story; or a *simple* Lover's story :—For those who expect blank verse always upon stilts, and who understand neither the varieties nor congruities of nature and of language, would ironically enjoy the term simple on such a subject.

The landscape lived again with all its woods,  
While the rich lustres of the western sky  
Brightened beneath their shade.

Oft had we sat

On the same flag, in evenings fair as this,  
And viewed the goodly scene: and day by day,  
With her I toiled, or trifled in the field,  
Vineyard or garden; but till now I proved  
Never such strange, such sweet, such troubled joy.  
Gentle she was, even as Melora's babe,  
Which she would fondle smiling in her arms,  
Or on her bosom soothe with lullabies.—  
Yet there was something in her look, her mien,  
A something exquisite: it was not grace,  
If my friend Altmon justly limits grace  
To lines the pencil traces; 'twas not hue,

Nor light, nor shade, nor symmetry, nor form ;  
But O, 'twas something which the fancy loves,  
Picturing the soul as visible !—I have seen  
This charm, this something, 'mid the roses play  
That wavered o'er her cheek, or seem to glide  
Sportive along her lips, or lose itself  
In dimples as they vanished.—Then her eyes !—  
But how describe to you those soft sweet eyes ?  
Bright as some fair star 'mid the dews of eve !—  
Yet pardon me—too fanciful you deem  
Me, and my tardy tale.—But those bright eyes !—  
Oh, could you meet them once, never again  
Would you forget their language !—Well, my tale.

—We sat, as I have said, beside the Loire,

Talking of him she loved, the best good man,  
Her uncle Marçon. Much in truth she owed  
The gallant veteran; from a little babe  
With care he nurtured her, for then her sire  
Reckless had left her, and her mother died.  
All this she told me, and with pensive thought  
That loves to feed on grief, recounting traced  
How often she had wept.—“ Yet still,” she said,  
“ Comfort I found, for still in fancy’s eye  
My mother o’er me hung: and oft alone  
Along the river’s banks at early morn  
I wandered, picturing to myself her shade  
Wrapt in the softness of some fleecy cloud,  
And smiling on her child; and then my heart  
Felt sweetly tranquil; and I owned in this  
Her influence, which diffused around the peace

That angels feel. And often I have gazed  
On the blue sky, and all the scene of heaven,  
Till all was lost in mist to my dimmed eyes:—  
Then somewhat closing them, I home returned,  
Pensive, yet happier far.—Once indeed  
Too long I lingered, and our morning meal  
My good old uncle had himself prepared:  
'Twas then he took my willing hands in his,  
With such a kindly look! and gently said,  
‘Ah, without thee, sweet child, my days were lost!’

“ But soon the war, with fierce unpitying rage,  
Called him to arms. I thought I should have died  
With sorrow in that hour. ‘ If ne'er again,  
My girl, I see thee,’ (such his cruel words,) .

‘ Our cottage is thine own, the orchard too,  
And vineyard, and with these thy uncle’s prayers.  
O, if they kill me not, we sure shall meet,  
For never will I yield !—then weep not so :—  
And with his hand he wiped away my tears,—  
His own unconscious falling.—But, ah me !  
Kill him they did, and we have met no more !”

She paused ; her fine eyes raised serene to heaven,  
I gazing on her face ; for ne’er before  
Felt I so wondrously the nameless charm  
I said there was about her. . . . .

“ Yet,” cried she,  
“ Yet there is something in a soldier’s life  
Generous, and worthy envy. He endures

Perhaps a thousand hardships ; then receives  
For these a thousand honours. Nobly brave,  
Himself regarding not, his country's cause  
Leads him to danger—if to victory too,  
What triumph waits his paths ! what patriot smiles !  
Or if he die—with laurels crowned he dies,  
In Glory's arms !”—“ Ah, rather far in thine  
Be death my doom !”—I said, yet knew not why  
Such words I spake, for glory still I loved,  
Even that false glory which makes man forget  
His human brethren.—Then her dark eye fell  
Full on my face as wondering. ’Twas enough,  
That magic look ! it slid into my soul ;  
Nothing but her I saw, and sunk o'erpowered,  
Admiring at her feet.—A moment passed ;—  
Her soft white hand had fallen upon mine,

This to my lips I pressed, and to my heart,—  
She, speechless, motionless.—Then burst the tide  
Of feeling, and she wept; I also wept:—  
But O ! if sorrow this, I know not joy!—  
And from that hour we vowed, with mutual faith,  
To love, and love for ever.—

---

**ORMANO.**

---

ROMANTIC Wye ! when love Ormano warmed,—  
Love of the graceful muse ; when nature charmed,  
Oft thy wild shores his wilder fancy sought,  
Wrapt in the elysium of expanding thought.  
But not the curvings of thy various tide,  
But not the vernal lawns that grace its side,

Nor rocks sublime, nor woods, that from their brow  
Bend the dark umbrage to the caves below,  
Nor distant landscape through the vista seen,  
Nor partial light, nor shades that intervene,  
Nor music softening o'er the stealing wave,  
Nor yet the charm poetic vision gave ;—  
Could thus entrance, could thus each thought controul,  
Seize every sense, and quite absorb the soul.—  
No ! 'twas the panting throb, the fond desire,  
Unanswered yet, which future scenes inspire ;  
The something struggling in the generous breast,  
Which still invites, yet still forbids to rest ;  
Which prompts so oft the sweet luxurious tear,  
And all the pensive glows to feeling dear ;  
Which rapt, expansive, earth and heaven would trace,  
And clasp perfection in each fond embrace.

Rousseau ! 'twas this thy sanguine bosom proved,  
When freedom fired thee, and when passion moved ;  
Even when thou cried'st amid the oppressive strife,  
“ Be Truth the purchase though the price be life.”— \*  
But futile all ! this world could nought assign  
In worth respondent to a mind like thine ;  
'Twas then that mind its flame of genius poured,  
And waked the kindred soul thy soul adored ;  
Each beauty waked that charmed the ideal view,  
And lived enraptured 'mid the scenes it drew. †

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\* Vitam impendere vero. . . . — The motto J. J. Rousseau chose for himself.

† See Rousseau's own account of his writing the *Emile* and the *Eloise*.

Ormano, wandering on the banks of Wye,  
Felt nature's grace, yet breathed the wishful sigh :  
Song sweetly soothed him as its powers exprest  
The lovely fancies varying in his breast ;  
Oft would he feeling's sweetest tones combine,  
And dwell with lingering rapture on a line :  
Or fable charmed him, such as taste perceives  
'Mid the light umbrage of the Scattered Leaves.\*—

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\* Zerstreute Blätter, or Scattered Leaves of Herder. The allegories here alluded to are only parts of that division of a miscellaneous work, under the title, *Parathyria*.—See note to the preface of this volume.

Thus charms the maid when playful Zephyr blows  
The gauzy shadowing from her cheek of rose ;  
**A** fair Leucippe to the scene restored,—  
The Grecian girl whom Grecian youths adored !\*—  
But now more emulous his proud desire,  
**W**ould song and science blend, with Darwin's fire,  
**O**r as exalted Jones, devote his youth,  
**A**nd liberal talents, to the cause of truth ;  
**L**ike him, while noblest aims his deeds avow,—  
String orient pearls to grace his country's brow.  
Then beats his bosom to the sound of arms,  
**O**f martial glory and the war's alarms :—  
**B**ut soft ! the philosophic strains of woe  
Melt on his ear, while truth's strong pleadings shew,

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\* See the *Anacharsis of Bartholemi.*

That "war is murder," source of boundless grief,  
That "glittering conquest from the laurel leaf  
Extracts a general poison," that the claim  
Of "dreary desolation" cheats as fame.\*—  
Lingered he paused;—then tuned his harp anew,  
To Glory still, but loftier Glory true!—  
And soon in grand design to her were given  
All that on earth he loved, or felt of heaven.—  
But critic caution cried with frowns,—“forbear!”  
And towering genius sunk in cold despair.  
Distaste succeeds, he bids the muse adieu,  
Whose glance gave fairest visions to his view,  
Yet with the momentary beauty shed  
Destructive splendours round his aching head.

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\* See Elegy written on the Plains of Fontenois, by R. Merry, Esq.

"Hail, gentler art!" he cries, "whose generous power  
Can soothe the fond, can charm the languid hour!  
That sweetly interests, not distracts the soul,  
Nor bids the tide of maddening passion roll:—  
Painting! to thee I bow, to thee alone—  
Feel all thy grace, and all thy grandeur own!"

Swift o'er his view what forms of beauty play!  
Now rise to light, now sink in shades away!  
Morn on her dappled couch new grace assumes,  
While round her bend with dews the unfolding blooms,  
Her rose cheek rests upon her snowy arm,  
Her locks wave back and show the blushing charm:—  
Then from the steep she hails the tissued hours,  
Calls frolic Gladness from the shadowing bowers;

Or as she winds along the upland green,  
Her light robe fluttering to the breezy scene,  
Still as she turns, her eyes wild beams elance,  
The landscape brightening with the burning glance.—  
Or softer Eve his fancy knew to trace,  
Her wavering movements, and her sweepy grace,  
Her step, oft pausing, down the rich lawn moves ;  
Her lightest touch awakes the admiring Loves,  
Round her they throng, she smiles amid the train,  
And leads them pensive o'er the purply plain,  
To where incumbent rocks the valleys shade,  
Or through dark forests to the moonlight glade.  
Then, as the crescent bends its silvery light  
In meek effulgence o'er the brows of night,  
Mild Sorrow's touching form explores the tomb,  
Mourning some loved one, 'mid the cypress gloom.;

While raised towards heaven the hope that peace descries  
Beams in her tears, and smooths her lingering sighs.—

His pencil moves—alas ! its touch in vain  
Would bind such visions to the canvas plain !  
The happy moment's strong concentring force,  
Arresting nature in its wildering course,  
Pouring through forms inert the enkindling soul,  
And bending passion to the high controul ;  
Ormano knows not with bold hand to seize,  
But roves with fancy and her varying breeze :—  
Yet was it given his throbbing breast to feel  
Fame's proudest hope, and Genius' burning thrill.—

New scenes invite, he leaves his native shades,  
And Pride and Fashion's domes his step pervades.—  
'Tis gay delusion, vapid veiled ennui,  
Or tasteless joy, or splendid misery!—  
He sought for talents raised, not spoiled by art,  
He sought affection mantling from the heart,  
For nature's liberal glows, or grave, or gay,  
Her genuine language, and her equal sway:  
But checked by forms, or reason's poor pretence,  
Malignant scorn, or cold indifference,  
He sinks despairing, seeks some lone retreat,  
And deems such charms imagination's cheat.

But yet more southern climes their joys afford!—  
He breathed their softer gales, their wilds explored.

Paused where La Grande Chartreuse the storm defies,\*  
'Mid rocks and wild woods, towering to the skies ;  
The verse inscribed, with kindred verse enshrined,  
A lasting homage of the admiring mind.—  
Joyed where the Arno's classic waters roll,  
And poured at Tivoli his pensive soul.—  
But oh ! what mingled throbs his bosom knew  
When first thy lake, Geneva, filled his view !  
Its waves and beauteous shores, to fancy's eye,  
Still wear each charm that prompts the extatic sigh,—  
Genius around the deep enchantment throws,  
And every scene with Eloisa glows ;  
Conscious the waters murmur to the shore,  
And Zephyrs sigh, though all the storm be o'er !

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\* So thought Ormano perhaps, when he made his inscription on the  
Album of the Fathers.

Injured Rousseau ! \* even yet the lingering song  
Returns to thee, and roves thy haunts among :  
For ah ! to thee its fond Enthusiast owes  
That on realities his hopes repose.—  
Long had he felt thy sacred power pervade.  
His inmost heart in fiction's garb arrayed,  
While the bold truths thy lofty genius taught,  
Lived in his soul with freedom's fervours fraught :  
But now thy storied hours his thoughts engage,  
Thy mind's strong features pictured in the page.  
He sees, when fame and splendour round thee blaze,  
Or woe enfolds thee in her darkening maze,  
He sees thee equal, still to nature given,  
With views expansive as the light of heaven ;  
Thy heart unchanged her fond affections proved,  
And more than Glory their soft influence loved.

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\* See note at the end of the volume.

Ormano cried,—“ Yet Truth, yet Nature reign,  
To pride superior, and its grovelling train !  
Superior too to hard misfortune’s frown,  
Or all the joys the splendid vulgar own !”—  
Then sought each scene Rousseau before had sought,  
And traced his footsteps with romantic thought.  
Now at St. Pierre \* marked each breathing flower,  
At Eaubonne lingered in the moonlight bower,  
At Montmorenci owned a charm sincere,  
And L’Isle des Peupliers drank his silent tear. †

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\* St. Pierre:—an island in the lake of Bienne, where Rousseau at one period of his life resided, and where he spent much of his time in botanizing.

† At Ermenonville: the tomb of Rousseau was in the Isle des Peupliers.

To Britain's clime his wandering course returns,  
His pensive breast with truth and virtue burns :  
Ardent, yet gentle ; forceful, yet refined,  
To sufferance soothed, and love of human kind.

Where winds the vale in richly wooded pride,  
Where lawns extend, and deepening waters glide,  
His Doric mansion 'mid surrounding shades,  
Gleamed fair—still varying to the varying glades :  
Here elegance and ease the arts befriend,  
While with their beauties dearer interests blend :  
For on his vows with worth congenial smiled  
The sweet Edalia, nature's favourite child.  
She loved of rural joys the mild controul,  
She loved the traits that speak the feeling soul ;

Genius she loved, and genius swelled her sigh,  
Glowed on her cheek, and brightened in her eye.  
And sometimes wandering o'er the varied scene,  
Graceful, of russet blooms, or leaflets green,  
She formed some simple song ;—as streamlets wave,  
Each charm reflecting of the shores they lave.

Ormano met her in life's happiest hour,  
When wakes to love each sympathetic power ;  
When soft unfoldings of the soul reveal  
That moral grace which minds like theirs must feel.  
And now he marks with her at morning's dawn  
The line of lustre on the distant lawn :  
With her at eve along the silvery tide  
Light as his skiff the rapturous moments glide :

Or wandering devious with botanic art,  
They pour in converse sweet the o'erflowing heart.  
All yields delight,—the ruined cloister's gloom,  
The mountain's prospects, and the mead's perfume.—  
But O what sweets, domestic life! combine,  
And round thy pillar firm luxuriant twine!—  
No void remained: 'twas now Ormano proved  
The lasting transports of the life he loved.

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## Scattered Leaves.

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II.

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**NOTE.**

The following poems are of a somewhat different character from those preceding them. They have been still longer written; and are perhaps touched with a stronger—I had nearly said, with a heavier, pencil.

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## REVENGE.

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“ DARK gleams the moon,—’tis midnight’s awful hour.—  
“ Now sounds its signal from yon echoing tower!—  
“ Be firm, my soul!—not danger’s threatening form,  
“ Nor the low groanings of the distant storm,  
“ Are aught to thee!—revenge still claims its part,  
“ And injured honour points to Hubert’s heart.—  
“ Oh, may this arm but force to equal strife!—  
“ Glorious whate’er beyond,—or death, or life!”—

He said :—and deeper glooms his thoughts absorb,  
His bared sword glistening to night's crimson orb ;—  
Then sought the steep where Hubert's castle stood,  
Its turrets frowning o'er the prostrate flood,  
And through its caves explored the secret road  
Which leads, diverging, to the proud abode.

But lo ! a lawn he gains, that woods enclose,  
Where down the vernal slope the rivulet flows,  
Where tangling woodbines shed their rich perfume,  
And willows bend, and sheltered roses bloom :  
He hears a voice that hails the doubtful light,  
In tones more sweet than mourns the bird of night ;—  
He sees a form, that 'mid night's shadows seemed  
Fair as the pensive star that o'er them beamed.—

“ Blest hour,” she cries, “ that gives me to repose,  
“ Wraps me in shade, and silent soothes my woes!—  
“ Yet can it be that still new woes I prove,  
“ While love’s best language owns the dear one’s love!—  
“ His changing brow—his gaze where transport speaks—  
“ The conscious glow quick varying o’er his cheeks—  
“ His lingering step—his tones—his sighs—reveal  
“ All that his proud heart struggling would conceal.—  
“ Yet wherefore love where fortune mocks the flame,  
“ And worth unequalled proves a worthless claim!—  
“ Can my brave father spurn its high control,  
“ And check the generous darings of his soul?  
“ Can my brave father fear a rival name!—  
“ Yet why withhold him from the fields of fame?—  
“ But foes prevail—but treacherous arts combined,  
“ Pervert each purpose of his manly mind!—

“ His burning glance a soul deep injured spoke  
“ When the stern mandate from my father broke ;—  
“ And how he turned ! and how his brow’s thick gloom  
“ Sought as to hide in scorn the unworthy doom !——  
“ Dear injured Arnolf ! could thy Bertha give  
“ All to thy wish for which ’tis life to live,  
“ All should be thine !—nor power, nor fate’s decrees,  
“ Doom thy proud spirit to inglorious ease !——  
“ And oh ! when honour crowned thy high desires,  
“ Love too should cheer thee with its gentler fires ;  
“ And fame and glory, thy fond heart should prove,  
“ Could not so bless thee as thy Bertha’s love ?!——

“ Ecstatic bliss !” he cries,—his vengeful sword  
Flung from his ardent grasp :—“ Beloved ! adored !—

“ Are they for me !—those vows—that soul sincere !—  
 “ —And these dear sighs—and yet this starting tear !—  
 “ Oh ! speak again !—not dreams my soul amaze ?—  
 “ No—on thyself, long loved—long mourned—I gaze !—  
 “ But whence thy frown ?—thy cold averted eye ?—  
 “ And is it thus thou bidst thy Arnolf die ?—  
 —Each could no more :—then burst the flame represt ;  
 She looked—she sighed—he clasped her to his breast.—  
 Oh, rapturous moment ! scarce by mortals proved,  
 Unless like these they mourned—like these they loved !

That moment past :—ah fate !—what now his doom !  
 Or death’s dire horrors—or a living tomb ?—  
 Unarm’d—beset—around a countless band,  
 Silent, yet faithful to their lord’s command !—

Now morn's fair star its beamy horns extends,  
And o'er the horizon night's last gloom descends,  
When Arnulf led amid a warrior train,  
With sullen step, and wrapt in fierce disdain,  
Approached, through columned halls, the room of state,  
Where Hubert, seated, wore the frown of fate.—

“ Wretch !” cried the chief—“ but whence with crimes  
opprest.

“ That haughty daring in thine eye confest !—  
“ Is it thou triumph'st in the treacherous part.  
“ That from the sire estranged the daughter's heart ?—  
“ That, meanly lurking at the midnight hour,  
“ Thou sought'st to lure her from a father's power ?—  
“ —These are thy deeds !—yet once I thought thee brave,  
“ And checked the hints that friendly caution gave :—  
“ Weak trust ! but hence—tho' death my arm could give—  
“ Or worse than death,—yet still, base ingrate ! live,—

“ To other climes depart—nor lingering dare  
“ The doom, my justice, and thy crimes prepare.

“ Thee and thy threats I scorn !”— the youth returned,  
While o'er his cheek the indignant crimson burned.—  
“ Is life thy boon?—such life I scorn to bear!—  
“ Death the least ill of all thou bid'st me share.—  
“ 'Tis not enough thy dark decrees withheld  
“ My ardent spirit from the martial field—  
“ 'Tis not enough—some poor pretext to find  
“ For all the vengeance of a grovelling mind—  
“ Thou own'st suspicions that disgrace my name,  
“ Its glories darkening on the rolls of fame!—  
“ 'Tis not enough—though all these wrongs I bore,—  
“ Thy pitying insults yet would wound me more!—

“ Oh ! can it be, that unrevenged I stand !—  
“ Disgraced—an alien—in my native land !—  
“ Was it for this—the noblest of thy train—  
“ My gallant father sunk among the slain ?—  
“ Or my brave brother, still his country’s pride,  
“ Thy cause sustaining, in the battle died !—  
“ Was it for this my soul unyielding glowed,  
“ While from my veins the swelling life blood flowed :  
“ What time, ‘mid foes whom victory’s smiles elate,  
“ I snatched thee—struggling—from the grasp of fate ?  
“ Then by thy side drove back the unequal fight,  
“ And hailed thee victor ere the closing night ?—  
“ —Yet small the deed when views of glory fired,  
“ And thy false virtues all my thoughts inspired :—  
“ Oh ! I could tell what more thy soul should move—  
“ But no !—thou know’st not what it is to love !—

“ Like me to love—yet still the flame control,  
“ And hide each wild emotion of the soul :  
“ Despairing—lingering—nor one pang impart—  
“ But live to honour while it tears the heart !—  
“ This have I done—tho’ phrenzied tears would flow—  
“ Till one blest moment paid a life of woe !—  
“ Thou know’st she loves !—I boast the sacred claim—  
“ My passion, now my pride, as once my shame !—  
“ Yet if thou still profanest the generous mind,  
“ And think’st design, not chance, my path inclined  
“ To that dear spot,—where spies their lord obeyed,  
“ And watched the footsteps of the virtuous maid !—  
“ Learn and revere !—till then no hope bestowed,  
“ The mutual flame in mutual silence glowed ;—  
“ And learn—while vengeance swells thy wondering  
thought—  
“ In hate—not love—these threatening towers I sought !—

“ What though the assassin’s arm could soon have laid,  
 “ With unseen stroke, thine honours in the shade—  
 “ Nobler revenge I sought in generous strife,  
 “ Nor base would touch thy undefended life.  
 “ Yet vain the attempt—surrounded by thy train—  
 “ To meet thee equal on the hostile plain : \*  
 “ What now was mine ?—such life I scorned to bear—  
 “ One hope then rose, though prompted by despair.—  
  
 “ † A cave there is, with weeds and briars o’ergrown,  
 “ In daring childhood to my wanderings known,

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\* “ They could not challenge their liege lord, because of the respect due to his person,” &c.—Beaumanoir, as quoted by Montesquieu in his *Esprit des Loix*.

† See note at the end of the volume.

“ Its windings leading, through a dubious road,  
“ To some compartment of this vast abode,  
“ And to an opening, clefted rocks between,  
“ Where woods o'erhang, and verdure clothes the scene.  
“ The cave I found—my soul revenge pursued—  
“ Nor danger fear'd; nor means of safety viewed:  
“ What if to thee my silent steps attained,  
“ No more I wished—nor more to wish remained.  
“ Apart—our swords might then our worth have tried,  
“ And I have lived unstained—or bravely died:—  
“ Equal to me the doom :—but fate decreed  
“ That dearest joy should all my woes succeed:—  
“ Fate led my steps where mourned the maid divine—  
“ And fate—made power and wrongs triumphant thine!—  
“ But these I scorn!—thy darkest ills prepare,—  
“ Unmoved my soul shall keenest tortures bear;

“ Shall feel exulting that one bliss was given  
“ Ere life’s last close—a glimpse perhaps of heaven.  
“ And oh ! when every pang of grief is o’er—  
“ And thou canst injure, I endure, no more !—  
“ Then fame shall prove to both our memories just,  
“ Nor I unhonoured moulder in the dust ?-----

Thoughtful he paused, one tear reluctant stole,  
And one proud sigh where heaved the struggling soul,  
Absorbed he stood.—

But soon, with altered mien,  
And anxious doubt, he views the changing scene ;  
Views at her father’s feet his Bertha bend,  
And grasp his robe, with looks that pity rend.

O'er her fine form each touching beauty glowed,  
While from her brows thrown back in foldings flowed  
The shadowy lawn, which part her charms concealed,  
And part with heightening grace those charms revealed.  
Fain would she speak, but still the imploring eye  
Gazed on his face, while silent swelled her sigh;  
Love taught her soul terrific fears to know,  
And gave that forceful eloquence of woe.  
But oh ! what throbs o'er Arnolf's heart succeed,  
While he too kneels—scaroe conscious of the deed.—  
Pride could no more:—a father's circling arms  
Raised the fond fair, and clasped her kindling charms;  
The frown was past that late tremendous gloomed,  
And joy,—yet troubled joy,—his front illumed;  
Justice and truth with generous warmth return,  
And though a while obscured, now brighter burn.

“ Forgive,” he cried,—the brave respect the brave—  
“ Forgive the doubt that ranked thee as a slave ;  
“ Thy worth I feel—thy manly scorn admire—  
“ And those proud feelings which thy words inspire :—  
“ Glory and fame be thine,—and ah ! more dear—  
“ Be thine my Bertha, and her vows sincere.—  
“ One heart, one soul, your kindred bosoms prove,  
“ Such heaven unites, such heaven ordains to love.”—

He ceased. Revenge like this what transports blest !  
But thou, susceptive Fancy ! paint the rest.—

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**Clonvorac.**

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K



## CLONVOROC.

## I.

\*Why haunt my steps ye wildering forms!—  
 I hear ye in the torrents' roar  
 That 'mid the steep rocks thundering pour;  
 Or wrapt in midnight's wildest storms,  
 I see you glance along the shore,  
 Or moving on the silent deep,  
 When spreads the dark moon's shadowy sweep!—  
 Why bend on me that brow severe?—  
 Though frowning horrors round me lie,  
 Illustrious shades! your course divine,  
 Your fate in glory's paths be mine!—  
 —Why swells your gaze that heavy tear?—  
 O 'tis not death like you to die!

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\* To the illustrious Dead.

---

**CLONVŌROC.**

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2.

GENIUS ! thou blaze of heavenly fire !  
    Illume my dark, my doubtful way !  
And ere life's quivering lamp expire  
    Retouch it with one living ray !—  
Primordial sun ! O yet thy light  
    Might chase this intellectual night !—

---

## CLONVŌROC.

## 3.

Yon sacred isles that o'er the Atlantic deep  
 Lift their proud columns,\* or their deepening groves,  
 Where Bards sublime, and storied Heroes sleep,†  
 And Fancy wanders 'mid the scenes she loves !  
 Yon darkened heaven, whose wide horizon bends  
 In glowing beauty to the empurpled waves,  
 Where the low sun his radiant car suspends,  
 Retiring awful to the ocean caves :—  
 Yon isles, yon heaven may Nature glorying claim,  
 And high-wrought Genius seize the vast design,  
 Breathe o'er the pictured forms his living flame,  
 And own, adoring, all the work divine.

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\* As Staffa, &c.      † Iona, &c.

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## CLONVŌROC.

## 4.

NIGHT's sable robe the cliffs and woodlands shrouds,  
 The star, late radiant o'er yon lonely tower,  
 Retiring trembles 'mid the gloom of clouds,  
 Till past the black gates of the midnight hour.—

Wild swells the deep where sunk the incumbent day,  
 The loud, rough spirits of the storm ascend !  
 Enkindling meteors point their fearful way,  
 Beneath their steps the heaving waters bend !—

Now down the deep the curving light-glare fades !  
 The darkness thickens, and the tempest roars !—  
 Who marks its course ?—whose active thought pervades  
 The awful tumult !—and subdued adores !—

**CLONVŌROC.**

---

5.

Ha!—whence that fierce gigantic form,  
Which clothed in thunder strides the storm!—  
Beneath his dark brows lightnings glare,  
Death's ponderous lance his strong arms bear.—  
He comes!—and time-reared forests bend;  
And Art's huge fabrics low descend!  
Proud hills and mountain rocks retire,  
And struggling billows shrink in fire!

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis dark Destruction!—Ha! the sound  
Reverberates through the vast profound!—

\* \* \* \* \*

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**CLONVOROC.**

---

**6.**

HENCE, jarring passions ! cease your strife !  
No more my soul can brave your power !—  
Take this poor, fluttering, wearying life,  
Or leave it to the tranquil hour !—

Fain would my bosom seek some home ;—  
Fain would my struggling soul be free :—  
Ah, cease your strife, or seal its doom !—  
Ah, seal in death its liberty !

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**CLONVŌROC.**

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7.

SCORNING the power of winter's dreary night,  
The swelling buds burst fearless into day :  
Then o'er the hills the opening scene is bright,  
And woods, and rocks, and streams, are gilt by morn-  
ing's ray !

What if this visionary veil were rent ?—  
What if mortality's strange dream were o'er ?—  
The soul sublime, on heavenly journey bent,  
Spurns the cold grasp of fate, and mourns no more !

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## CLONVÓROC.

## 8.

WHY mourn, O man ! the woes that crush thee here ?  
 This little motley dream of life shall pass  
 As the light zephyr o'er the bending grass,  
 As the pale blossoms of the opening year !—  
 Then shall eternal verdure smooth the plain,  
 Sweets ever bloom, and suns perennial shine ;  
 Then Virtue triumph in her form divine,  
 And Truth, and Love, with blended beauty reign !—  
 Still when dark passion in thy bosom raves,  
 These truths sublime shall urge their forceful way ;  
 As o'er the blackened deep the blaze of day :—  
 Cheering with heavenly light the dashing waves.—

---

## CLONVŌROC.

## 9.

Yon widening heavens, yon starry road,  
The sacred walks of Him, my God !  
Entranced I view while seraphs sing,  
Borne on rapture's beamy wing.—  
Yet veils of glory, shades of day,  
Pass, O quickly pass away !—  
Could my ardent gaze explore  
All beyond pale fancy's shore,  
Could the theme my songs employ !—  
Ah, who shall dare control  
These awful swells of soul,  
That burst to life and joy,—eternal joy !—



**FRAGMENT.****II.**

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WIDE spread the festal mirth, the gorgeous dome  
Re-echoed to the sound ; its lustres blazed  
In shivering splendour, while from arch to arch,  
With shadowy myrtle twining, blushed the rose.  
Gladness was there, and Love, the playful child,  
Revelling in smiles, or from the potent eye

Stealing delicious poison. Then approached  
The pageant of the fête ; the light-drawn car  
Of fabled goddess, 'mid the dazzling pomp  
Of antique story ; many a wood-nymph wild,  
And song and dance. When lo ! a huge dark form  
Solemn and slow, in fearful silence wrapt,  
Stalked through the hall midway : his brow was bent—  
Frowning he stood severe.

Oh ! then was heard  
The shriek of terror, while its blasting power  
Scathed the bright cheek ! some fly, some bravelier stay,  
Mute and expecting : thus of lofty soul  
Ardent, Rodolpho : o'er his dauntless breast  
His strong arms folded, and his searching eye  
Fixed on the threatening form, unmoved he gazed.

“ Who then art thou ? ” he cried, “ and whence unknown ”

“ This strange intrusion?—comest thou some base wretch  
 “ To mock our joy?”—“ To mock your joy I come!”—  
 So spoke the shade; his hollow deepening voice  
 Thrilled through Rodolpho’s soul, that back recoiled,  
 Wondering its boldness.—Yet again resolved,  
 Big with the courage of strange hope, he cried,  
 “ Aye, who art thou?”—The grisly phantom smiled,—  
 A smile mysterious!—yet his frowning brow  
 Smoothed into kindlier seeming.

“ Fear’st thou not  
 “ To know me whom I am? proud man!” he said;  
 “ To know me *Him*, who in its guilty hour  
 “ Through Babylon passed, meeting the \* Assyrian’s soul  
 “ As pale he viewed the mystic characters,  
 “ And heaven-struck trembled? Would’st thou know me  
*Him*

---

\* Belshazzar,—the hand writing on the wall.

“ Who on the battle’s eve, at midnight watch,  
“ Erst before Brutus stood, and welcomed him  
“ To dread Philippi !—Would’st thou know me yet,  
“ The fateful power that to Thermopylæ  
“ The Spartan heroes led, and bade them die.—  
“ Then know me !—I am he whose outstretched arm  
“ Measures the peopled earth, and from its heights  
“ Hurls fierce Oppression, and with mightier force,  
“ Rears the broad pile of Freedom : I am he !—  
“ Genius of Men I am !”—

Rodolpho heard ;

High beat his bosom o’er the formless thought  
Brooding unconscious ; when anon he saw  
The phantom’s frown was past ; his awful front  
Beamed with celestial light ; benignant love  
Mantled his cheek diffusive.

" I am he,"—

Softening he spake—" who with the \* Athenian sage  
" Mid solitary haunt:, and sacred grove,  
" Mild converse held, and in the oppressive hour  
" Taught him to smile at death.—'Twas I who fired  
" The sainted maid,—† mine and her country's boast,  
" Aiding with power divine.—'Twas I too came  
" To him, the lofty bard of heavenly song,  
" His nightly visitant. ‡ To me is given  
" O'er this wide globe to reign.—Sometimes confessed  
" To mortal ken I stand : oftener unseen  
" Hang o'er the soul, prompting the thought sublime,  
" And wondrous work, and mightiest enterprize :—  
" Then Glory named, Enthusiasm, Art,

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\* Socrates—the tutelary genius of Socrates.

† The Maid of Orleans.

‡ See Milton's Par. Lost.

“Energetic Truth, or Virtue.—Dubious man,  
“In intellectual grandeur raised a while,  
“Rejoicing feels my strength; yet then too oft  
“Sinking in sloth, or luxury, or vice,  
“Loses my influence, or perverts its force  
“To deeds of blackest meaning.—But I call  
“Thee favoured, worthiest favour!—Know me well;  
“Twas I who led thee through the o’erwhelming deep,—  
“As once Columbus,—to that brightening shore,  
“Where pierced with many a wound, I yet was doomed  
“To triumph.—Thee again, glorious I call,  
“With Truth my prototype, to deeds that time  
“Shall through earth’s congregated nations bless,  
“If wise, if just, if fixing their strong hold  
“On broad benevolence, so Peace shall reign  
“With Love and Joy eternal.” \* \* \* \* \*

He said, and led him through dank dungeon glooms  
Where instruments of woe, and mouldering bones,  
Scattered polluted earth, while sighed the blast  
To groans of misery, low, but long and deep.—  
All yielded and they passed. When now appeared  
A plain to mid day widening; whence arose,  
Burst from the mingled crowd, loud symphonies.  
Rejoice, rejoice! they shout—the acclaiming sound

Reverberates to high heaven ! \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Then all was hushed.

Huge o'er the vastness hung portentous night,  
And wild in distance, streaks of red dark flame  
Concentering glared.—Oh ! now Oppression stalked,  
With Death exulting ! 'neath their iron arm,

While Wonder gazed, the noblest of the world  
Perished!—Yet not unblest; for o'er them breathed  
Virtue and Hope prophetic.—The Genius' breast  
Heaved with big anguish, but his swollen eye  
Was fixed on heaven.—“God of the Just!” he cried;—  
Then sudden turning with the lightening glance  
Of cloud terrific, lo! the red dark flame,  
The mountain blackness, horror's lurid forms,  
Vanish abrupt!—the struggling tints of morn  
Beam into brightness, and the freshening breeze  
Spreads, with gay promise, health, and peace and joy!—\*

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* This and the following poem will be easily recognized as belonging to the 18th century.

---

C O N R A L.\*

---

PLEASED with the scene, the enquiring youth would trace  
The cloister's grandeur, or the wild wood's grace ;  
Or lingering pensive on the rocky shore,  
Would watch the booming surge, and list its roar ;  
Or 'mid the mountains when the morning glowed,  
His songs of love with songs of freedom flowed.—

But still his thoughts would o'er those mountains roam  
To nobler scenes beyond his bounded home :  
Nor love, nor song, his towering soul beguiled,  
While Glory still in bright perspective smiled.

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\* See note to the preceding Fragment.

His father marked him with a joy sincere,  
Its rapture tempered by a father's fear;  
Marked in his breast each moral grace combined  
With all the restless energies of mind:— .  
Yes, trembling marked, for he himself had sought  
The great in action, the sublime in thought:  
By no low aims, no paltry ties confined,  
Had owned with generous hope all humankind:  
Men viewed as men, and spurned the poor disguise  
That cheats with false resemblance vulgar eyes:  
Mourned their best rights by partial power possessed,—  
Injuring at once the oppressor and the oppressed;—  
Had seen with liberal throb, the struggling ray  
Of Gallia's freedom bursting into day.—  
'Twas thus, Balboa, in thy manly breast  
High fervors rose, when 'mid the dreary waste

First to thy hope, which doubt and danger crost,  
New oceans spread, in boundless vision lost ! \*

But ah ! too soon, while largest views elate,  
Montaldo's soul had mourned his country's fate.  
In vain his breast the patriot passions fired,  
In vain their force his eloquence inspired.—  
Indignant then he sought his native shades,  
And wept his country in their silent glades :  
While tyrant Vice, with base insidious aim,  
Seized lawless power in Freedom's sacred name ;

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\* “ When with infinite toil they had climbed up the greater part of that deep ascent, Balboa commanded his men to halt, and ascended alone to the summit, that he might be the first who should enjoy a spectacle which he had so long desired. As soon as he beheld the South Sea, stretching in endless prospect below him, he fell on his knees, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, returned thanks to God, who had conducted him to a discovery, so beneficial to his country, and so honourable to himself.”—*Robertson's Hist. of America.*

While Knowledge, Genius, Virtue, fell subdued,  
And Liberty's proud splendours sunk in blood !—

Thus dearly taught, he viewed with troubled joy  
The vigorous spirit of his daring boy.—  
“ Ah cease !” he cried, “ nor urge the dangerous claim  
“ That gives to sorrow, whom it gives to fame !—  
“ Hence Poland mourns her Kosciusko’s doom ;  
“ La Fayette lingers in a dungeon’s gloom ;  
“ Hence the Rolands, and hence Condorcet died,  
“ And each loved patriot, France and Freedom’s pride !  
“ Hence—but no more !—oh ! let thy bosom prove  
“ The sweets of peace, of friendship, and of love !  
“ Here, ’mid these shades, what touching cares unite !  
“ The useful blending with each soft delight.

“ Calm, not inactive,—what would man desire  
“ To feed of life’s small lamp the lingering fire?—  
“ Oh my loved son! not thus my hopes destroy,  
“ Nor leave for misery’s paths primæval joy!—  
“ How sweet with us to share the vineyard toil,—  
“ Spread the rich harvest o’er the grateful soil,—  
“ Around our home mild freedom’s blessings pour—  
“ Safe from the storms that wild in distance roar!—  
“ And she—thy love!—her charms were *wont* to please!—  
“ Her voice was music melting on the breeze!  
“ O'er her fair front, that wavering tresses shade,  
“ Sportive as light the young ideas played!  
“ Her soul was rich, with love, with virtue fraught,  
“ And wild and various as the scenes she sought!  
“ Or sylph ethereal on the mountain’s swell,  
“ Or wood-nymph pensive ’mid the bushy dell!—

“ But these are past!—no more her charms control  
“ The nobler fervors of thy wayward soul!  
“ Obscure *her* pleasures—but to virtue known—  
“ And all her wishes fixed on thee alone!”—

“ Spare me, my father!” cried the generous youth,  
“ Nor thus enforce such ordeal of my truth.—  
“ But lo! she comes!—what balm her smiles impart!—  
“ Thou dearest treasure of my struggling heart!  
“ Oh! tell my father how he wrongs thy charms,  
“ Even while he gives me raptured to thy arms:  
“ Tell him, thy virtues nobler homage claim  
“ Than sighs inglorious and a vulgar flame!  
“ Tell him, with mine, thy soul would gladdening share  
“ Hardship, and toil, and every danger dare,

“ To gain that bliss the liberal spirit knows  
“ When virtuous action gives it to repose.  
“ Tell him one soul our ardent bosoms prove,  
“ And he who loves thee must deserve thy love!—  
“ But now in vain our bleeding country calls,  
“ Her friends retire, and Truth with Freedom falls.—  
“ Yet can it be that man for worth designed  
“ While heaven’s own influence elevates his mind,  
“ Should linger thus while Virtue points his road  
“ And calls to action from her bright abode!—  
“ What then if death should prove the patriot’s doom?—  
“ Exulting virtue triumphs o’er the tomb!—  
“ And oh! the joy, when peace has truth restored,  
“ To live eternal in our deeds adored!”—

He ceased. Her bosom, formed to high desires,  
Caught the proud hope, and glowed with all his fires:  
She gazes, glorying, while her Conral speaks,  
And tears of rapture dew her kindling cheeks.—  
“ Go then,” she cries, “ thou noblest of the brave!  
“ Prove all thy strength, and yet thy country save!  
“ Go then!—high heaven will crown thy generous aim,  
“ And earth’s wide nations bless thy patriot name!”—

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE CASTLE LAKE.

A VILLAGE LEGEND.

---

Faint with toil, mad with rage, by a brave foe subdued,  
From the battle he led his discomfited train;  
O'er revenge then fierce brooding in silent disdain,  
Unconscious his steps wildering mazes pursued.

Now the setting moon sunk, not a star pitying beamed  
O'er the gloomy expanse, through the deep forest shades  
Alone and despairing he traversed its glades,—  
When some fabric he spied, 'mid the light-flash it gleamed.

As the clouds fall in torrents, the steep he ascends,  
With his buckler of strength, and his terrible arms ;  
A shelter he seeks, nought his spirit alarms,  
Though 'tis virtue alone 'mid such danger defends.

The portal he enters, indignant and bold,  
His firm steps resound through the wide-echoing hall :  
But no friend comes to cheer, nor yet foe to appal ;  
Sullen solitude reigned, wrapt in gloom drear and cold.

Twas the mid hour of night, and now wilder the storm  
Round the battlements raved, and the red lightnings flew;  
Ha ! the shrill shriek of triumph he hears, while to view  
Rises ghastly and fearful a dark threatening form !

O'er its path moved a torch, through the void self-borne  
moved,

While the deep bell of death heavy sounds pealing flung:  
Adventurous knight! then thy crimes round thee clung,  
And the keen stings of conscience thy bared bosom proved!

Fain his steps would recede, but their purpose was vain;  
His eye, bent on darkness, around wildly glared,  
But no object explored through the vacuum they dared,  
Save the motionless spectre that frowned on his pain.—

Oh, it speaks!—low and hollow the sounds sink away  
Through the wide yawning caverns that open around!  
While blue gleams flash, oft broken, athwart the profound,  
And in horrors yet deeper the phantom array.

“ Feel thy crimes, wretch,” it cried, “ feel the vengeance  
they meet,  
Let thy blood freeze unmoved, let thy nerves be unstrung,  
O'er thy disjointed clay be the damps of death hung  
While it crumbles unformed, as thy crimes I repeat.

Mark ! 'twas I led thy steps to these dungeons abhorred,  
For 'twas here, dragged from day, in the glory of youth,  
While secure I reposed on thy faith, on thy truth,  
That I fell, thrust from life, by a base murderer's sword.

Knowst thou me? ha ! recoil not ! my wealth was enjoyed,  
The domain thou usurpedst gave thee splendour and  
power !  
But at length is arrived the retributive hour  
When thy falsehood avails not, its bulwarks destroyed !

Would'st thou plead then for mercy!—her hope fled thy soul  
When my innocent babes, as they looked in thy face,  
With their eyes beaming love, as they sought thy embrace,  
Felt thy ruffian stroke, saw their blood mingling roll.

View them smile o'er thee now! nought of sorrow they know—  
But behold, wretched mortal, yon train that succeeds !  
Doomed on earth to endure of thy violent deeds,  
Of oppression and death all the complicate woe.

Ha ! no more—the dark spirit of vengeance I hear !  
It calls thee away to the dreadful unknown.—  
Ye wild waters arise, ye proud towers be o'erthrown,  
Nor one vestige of scenes crime-polluted appear !"—

It ceased : Nature heard ; the wild waters arose,  
The proud towers were engulfed in the fathomless  
deep :—  
But now o'er them unconscious the waves seem to sleep,  
Yet no shrub near them bends, nor sweet flower bright-  
ening glows !—

Full oft to this spot the good villagers lead  
The curious or pious, recounting the tale ;—  
While of Nature these talk, how her causes prevail,  
And these of the fate that for vice is decreed !

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## N O T E.

THE following poem has been long written, and was suggested by the interesting narrative of the Abbé de Vertot in his *Revolutions de Portugal*.

In the opening scene of the poem the exact situation of Sebastian's palace, and its positive adornments, have been less regarded than were those circumstances and influences which may have served to heighten and confirm the enthusiasm of Sebastian's character.

Sebastian ascended the throne of Portugal, in 1567, at the early age of sixteen years.

Muley Mehemed had succeeded his father Abdallah in the empire of Morocco, but soon after sought refuge and assistance in the court of Sebastian, having been driven from his dominions by his father's brother Muley Moluc, under pretext of a prior claim:—The poem adopts the probable language of an adversary, and of the times; yet Moluc was a great prince, and according to the laws of his country, his pretensions were well founded.

Sebastian landed before the town of Arzilla, in the kingdom of Fez, with an army, according to the Abbé de Vertot, of scarcely 13,000 men; or as other historians relate, with 15,000 foot, and 1000 horse, to oppose the experienced forces of Moluc, which were more than three times the number. Of cavalry alone Moluc had 40,000.

The mystery in which the fate of Sebastian in Africa is involved, may admit of the poem concluding in the way best suited to its purpose:—and notwithstanding his many virtues, and the colouring of heroic story, there will be little difficulty in deciding to what species of glory the conduct of this brave mistaken prince belongs.

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**GLORY!**

---

"Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple."

---

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

**F**ROM the rude battlement his eye surveyed,  
**A**far, the Atlantic, wrapped in awful shade;  
**W**hile near him woods, and rocks that tempests brave,  
**A**nd heaven's vast concave trembled in the wave.

Now slow descending, lo ! his footsteps tread  
The gallery sacred to the mighty dead ;  
Where noblest deeds the glowing pencil gives,  
And yet in arms each generous warrior lives.—

Deep sounds each pace throughout the vaulted dome,  
And shadowy spectres seem with sighs to roam ;  
While doubtful light with doubtful gloom contends,  
Till from its heights the sun's proud car descends,  
Pours through the western arch the blaze of day,  
As to the deep it tracks its fiery way.

He paused :—around ecstatic visions roll,  
And grand achievements crowd his youthful soul.  
“ Thou heaven !” he cries, “ where throned heroes dwell !  
“ Thou heaven ! that givest to me their thought’s high  
swell !  
“ Let me like them to future ages shine ;—  
“ And lead and triumph in their course divine !—  
“ Ye awful shades ! whose fame my soul inspires,  
“ Wraps round my heart, and calls forth all your fires,

“ Oh ! aid my prayer ! bid Glory sheathe my sword,  
“ And own your offspring in your people’s lord.”

He said ; and musing sought the room of state  
Where exiled Mehemed and his nobles wait.—  
Low at his feet, in sorrowing mien arrayed,  
The royal wanderer claims the monarch’s aid,  
“ ’Gainst the proud chief that hurled him from his throne,  
Tore from his brow the crest, to grace his own ;  
Alike unmoved where justice frowning stood,  
Alike regardless of his brother’s blood !”—

Sebastian’s bosom heaved a struggling sigh,  
While indignation lightened from his eye :

Swift o'er his face the varying passion moves;—  
 Each changing throb the gazing suppliant proves.  
 Now o'er his breast the cheering hope-beams stray—  
 Now fear's dark gloomings dash the quivering ray.—  
 But soon the prince his generous warmth exprest,  
 And soothed with friendly zeal his wondering guest;  
 Grants his full wish, around him honour showers;  
 While to the war he calls his martial powers.  
 His martial powers the heroic youth attend;  
 But age and doubt opposing counsels blend. \*

The monarch hears, with brow rejecting speaks,  
 While conscious greatness mantles o'er his cheeks.—  
 “ In vain,” he cries, “ shall noblest feelings warm,  
 “ If fearful caution urge the cold alarm!—

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\* See note at the end of the volume.

“ In vain shall virtue prompt the proud desire,  
“ Her hopes, high-towering, as they spread, expire !—  
“ Not fearful caution mocked the generous claim  
“ That gave Emanuel \* to the lists of fame !—  
“ Not fearful caution checked Alphonso’s † glows,  
“ What time his bold arm chased his country’s foes !  
“ Wrenched from oppression’s grasp, your sceptre swayed,  
“ The brave still cherished, and the base dismayed !—

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\* Emanuel reigned in Portugal towards the close of the fifteenth century, and his reign is distinguished as both splendid and happy. Under him the navigation to the East Indies was perfected; and the Portuguese commerce greatly extended by discoveries and conquests, in Asia and America.

† Alphonso, first king of Portugal, established the monarchy in the year 1139, after gaining a signal victory over the Moors.

“ What, if like his my soul indignant mourned  
“ The cross insulted and its altars spurned ;  
“ What, if like him my conquering arms I led  
“ Where gaunt injustice rears its baleful head,  
“ Triumphed in spoils from fierce barbarians won,  
“ And on the father’s throne replaced the son,  
“ Bade Hell with Moluc mourn a kingdom’s woes,  
“ And o’er the fallen crescent raised the cross—  
“ Could fear, mean fear, suggest a wiser part?—  
“ Or dare its counsels chill the expanding heart?—  
“ Nor lower aims my soul shall e’er pursue,  
“ Alphonso’s glory brightening to my view !  
“ Nor other safety than a soldier’s prove,  
“ Wrapt round triumphant, with a people’s love !—  
“ This my resolve, which fate can ne’er deny,  
“ With them to conquer,—or, if conquered, die !”——

He ceased. His words as inspiration wrought,  
Each bosom panted with the heroic thought;  
Exulting plaudits swelled through Tajo's shore,  
And doubt's small voice was hushed, or heard no more.

Now the brave train their tall ship's anchors free,  
Spread the full sails, and plough the foaming sea;  
The parted waves, that whitening round them rose,  
Dark on their sterns in circling surges close.  
  
With pensive mind full oft the monarch stood,  
His eye far wandering o'er the rolling flood:  
Oft to his view black night its glooms unfurled,  
Oft day's resplendence wrapt the watery world.—  
  
But now their footsteps press the hostile plains,  
Where uncontrolled the haughty Moluc reigns.

With gladdening shouts they hail the welcome shore,  
And rapturous greetings round their monarch pour :  
Grateful the hero smiles, nor trusts reply,  
His soul's big passion swelling to his eye,  
Nor yet to momentary joy resigned  
The mighty purpose of his labouring mind.

Soon their approach the tyrant king alarms,  
“ To arms”—he cries—his soldiers fly to arms.  
With martial rage, with Moorish hate he fires,  
Freedom's proud passion in their breast inspires,  
Points its full force their faith, their laws to save,  
And rebel vengeance, christian sovrance brave.—  
With wily art he leads the embattled band,  
Now shuns the fight, now stands, now fears to stand,

Till distant from their ships the foe he draws,  
Too sure, too ardent, in the glorious cause !  
Then round them forms the deep encircling line ;—  
Close in the attack his legion powers combine.  
Sebastian views,—the late-found error mourns,  
Hides the dark thought, and great in valour burns.  
Swift 'mid the ranks with him D'Aveiro strode ;  
In grace terrific, each a warrior god :  
They lead the war where hosts on hosts advance,  
And courage kindles to their ardent glance.

Now swells the fight, it bursts on every side,  
The heroes onward sweep the carnage wide :  
Before their steps the usurper's bands retire ;—  
Enraged he foams, his eye-balls darting fire :—

What though disease his drooping frame consumed,  
The unconquered mind a moment life relumed.  
With force gigantic rushing from his car,  
He stops their course, drives back the flying war.—  
“ On ! on !” he cries, “ pursue the forceful blow,  
“ And hurl hot vengeance on the dastard foe !”—

Maddening—amazed—no more the firm control  
Of tempering prudence sways Sebastian’s soul ;  
He darts impetuous ’mid the hostile train,  
Seeks their proud chief, nor, conquering, seeks in vain.  
Furious they meet, a moment silent gaze,  
And scorn for scorn each threatening glance repays.—  
Vain scorn ! nor long in Moluc’s breast to burn,  
For o’er his brows the damps of death return !

Faltering he falls—around his veterans throng,  
But nought can now the exhausted life prolong.—  
—“Conceal my doom—yon headlong train divide—  
—“Victory is ours!”—he said, and groaned, and died.—  
Vain too the deeds Sebastian’s arms oppose,  
He sinks to earth amid o’erwhelming foes;  
While band with band the doubtful strife maintain  
As confluent torrents pouring through the plain; \*  
Till o’er the waste night’s giant shadow spread,  
And all was gloom—suspense—and hope—and dread.

Then woke to life, though senseless long he lay,  
Again Sebastian roved the dreary way;  
Anxious and faint, alone the hero roved,  
Uncertain of the fate his soldiers proved.

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\* See note at the end.

Now at each step he lists the panting breath,  
The broken moan, the struggling gasp of death :  
Fain would his gaze some real form descry,  
Still shapeless darkness mocked the exploring eye !—  
He paused :—low, hollow sounds his ear alarm,  
He stoops,—a dark form grasps his shivering arm.—  
“ Whoe’er thou art,” it said, “ or friend, or foe,  
“ Avails not me, through death’s black gates I go :—  
“ But if thy breast e’er felt the pang of grief,  
“ Give to my fleeting soul this last relief :—  
“ Should yet Sebastian live, the hero tell,  
“ How his brave soldiers fought, how bravely fell !  
“ Surrounded—powerless—all their leaders slain,  
“ That but with life they yield the embattled plain.—  
“ —And O yet say,—though fate obscure my doom,  
“ And glory’s lamp sink dubious o’er my tomb,—

“ Yet say, his friend, though lost in dust he lies,  
 “ For him again would dare, again wou'd die!—  
 “ Then if he ask that friend, that soldier's name,  
 “ Tell him, his general owned the sacred claim,—  
 “ D'Aveiro owned,”—he stopped—the pang was o'er—  
 He falls—the grasp gives way—he breathes no more!—

Sebastian rose; his hand unconscious prest  
 With trembling force his stretched unyielding breast;  
 Speechless he stood, no soothing power was given,  
 His dry strained eyeballs fixed unmoved on heaven.  
 Then deep and long one sigh of anguish stoke:—  
 “ ‘Tis past, oh life!” he cried, “ thy base control!  
 “ By every name which prompts the high design—  
 “ By every act which glory stamps divine—

“ By all the joys my late proud victories yield—  
“ By all who perished in this well-fought field—  
“ By the firm vow I made with hope elate,  
“ To lead triumphant, or to share their fate :  
“ By all the fame which self-struck heroes share,  
“ By every pang that gave them to despair :—  
“ And thee, brave man ! whose words my spirit aid,  
“ While near me lingers yet thy generous shade ;—  
“ By all—I swear my country ne'er shall own  
“ A conquered sovereign on its sacred throne !”—  
He seized the steel—he urged the fatal dart—  
He plunged it forceful in his quivering heart ;—  
“ Now shall my deeds immortal glory claim !”——  
He said :—his proud soul left his trembling frame.

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**Notes.**

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## N O T E S.

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### Note I.

#### CHILD LOVE, AND GENIUS.

Page 38.—“*And lent his lyre, with amaranth twining.*”

“ Immortal amaranth, a flower which once

“ In Paradise, fast by the tree of Life

“ Began to bloom.”—

*Milton's Par. Lost. B. 3.*

### Note II.

#### O R M A N O.

Page 108.—“*Injured Rousseau, &c.*”

Ormano's obligations to Rousseau are not fictions; hence must he be allowed some enthusiasm on his subject.—He would not contend a moment, however, for the “errors,” the “paradoxes,” or any of the *faults* of Rousseau! It is only to the *excellencies* of this extraordinary man that he would pay the tribute of his praise!—

## Note III.

## R E V E N G E.

**Page 124.**—“*A cave there is with weeds and briers o’ergrown.*”

This description might appear to be suggested by a somewhat similar description in Dryden’s Sigismonda: yet the writer did not see Dryden’s Sigismonda till years after this poem was written. Dryden’s lines are,

“ The passage, made by many a winding way,  
 “ Reached e’en the room in which the tyrant lay ;  
 “ Its outlet ending in a brake o’ergrown  
 “ With brambles, choked by time, and now unknown.  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 “ The cavern only to her father known,  
 “ By him was to his darling daughter shewn.”

## Note IV.

## G L O R Y.

**Page 168.**—“*But age and doubt opposing counsels blend.*”

“ When King Sebastian was about to embark in that fatal expedition to Africa, Menezes was one of those provident counsellors, who strongly remonstrated on the inexpediency of such a rash and impolitic measure. Among

other arguments, he observed, in an assembly consisting of the king and principal men of the nation, that if his majesty persisted in his resolution, the Portuguese monarchy must inevitably perish in Africa; and therefore he would advise, among other equipments, to carry thither a bier and a shroud to give the nation a decent interment in that unhallowed land. "I once thought you a brave man," replied the boyish king, "but age has chilled your blood, and degenerated you into a coward.—How old art thou, Cavalier Menezes?"—"In your majesty's council," rejoined the veteran in a calm but respectful tone, "I am upwards of five-score years, but in the field of battle, where I am determined to fight under your banners till the last, your majesty will scarcely think me thirty."—Menezes died in the year 1575, at the beginning of Cardinal Henry's reign, at the age of 115 years."

*Murphy's General View of the State of Portugal.*

#### Note V.

Page 175.—"As confluent torrents pouring through the plain."

I trace this line as resembling, though not in beauty of detail, a passage of Ossian.—"As two dark streams from

high rocks meet, and mix, and roar on the plain, loud, rough,  
and dark in battle met Lochlin and Inisfail."

Which passage Mr. Laing traces, in his Commentary on  
Ossian, to a passage in Pope's Homer.

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The two beautiful little Italian poems, transcribed pages 41 and 43 of this  
volume, appeared in a monthly Magazine for 1802.—I know not by whom  
they are written.

THE END.

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